



B. KOROLYOV



Satires





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IN HUMOROUS VEIN ON SERIOUS THINGS

(a Preface by Eduard Rozental)

Boris Korolyov is a humorous writer. He writes with humour about serious things, but he does not labour to make his readers laugh. He does not invent or contrive. He takes an actual thesis held by someone he ridicules and, by blowing it up to more than life size, takes it to its logical absurdity. I say "logical" because the theses on which he bases his narratives are already absurd in themselves, although this is not immediately obvious. Boris Korolyov holds up this absurdity for general inspection.

When he shows an American general picking his teeth with a sapper's spade, this is, of course, absurd. But when the general announces with authority that Western Europe could not get along without US Pershings, that, too, is absurd, although when it is clothed in the psychological trappings of a "Soviet threat", a fear instilled over the years, many people accept such absurdities as truth. It is these psychological trappings that Korolyov tears apart, to strip bare the absurd thesis in all its grotesque ugliness, and he does so with wit and mastery.

The general, for instance, assures Zeus that it is essential for nuclear missiles to be deployed on Mount Olympus in order to protect the gods

from the "danger from the North". In confirmation of the "aggressive nature" of the Soviet Union, he says: "I have proof that the Russians were the first to site atomic weapons in Greece. On the island of Corfu I saw by the castle wall a cannon made at the Russian Demidov Works. By the side of it were two cannon balls, brought to Greece about a century and a half ago. Now everyone knows that cannon balls are made up of atoms!"

Absurd? Unquestionably. But it sets the reader thinking about the real-life declarations of the American militarists, penetrating to their real meaning, to the real state of affairs. Incidentally, as I read Boris Korolyov, I am often reminded of things I have experienced in my own work as a journalist. There was something that happened during my time in Switzerland. In a mountain canton I was asked by workers from a local watch factory whether it was true that in the Soviet Union a soldier with a rifle stood behind every worker to force him to carry out the five-year plan. Someone had told them this and they believed it. How was I to answer them? Start trying to convince them that it was all untrue? They wouldn't have believed me, for my explanations would have run counter to the stereotype image of "Soviet", with all its negative implications, which they had absorbed. So in reply to their question I said that their information was out of date, that in the past there had been one soldier with a rifle behind each Soviet worker but that now there were two, and not with rifles but with a big gun—one of them to load it and the other to take aim. They stared at me for a few moments, and then they laughed,

having realised the absurdity of their question and consequently of the thesis of "the soldier with a rifle". It seems to me that this episode is a good illustration of Boris Korolyov's satirical method, which he has mastered to perfection.

Korolyov's strength is that he is not only a good satirist but a good psychologist, too. Without the latter quality he would not be able to expose the tricks of Western propaganda, of which it has a surfeit.

Western propagandists make a careful study of people's psychology. To them propaganda is the controlled dissemination of consciously distorted conceptions with a view to rousing people to actions in line with the aims mapped out beforehand by the propagandists. Lenin clearly distinguished the ideological struggle as an open confrontation of points of view and ideological and political positions from the psychological campaigns constantly used by the bourgeoisie to discredit their ideological opponents. "The bourgeois influence on the workers," he wrote, "has never and nowhere in the world consisted solely of ideological influence. When the ideological influence of the bourgeoisie is declining, falling apart, growing weaker, the bourgeoisie has everywhere and always resorted to the most desperate lies and slanders and always will."

In our day this tendency has been transformed into a rule. Characteristic of any ideological diversion on the part of the bourgeoisie is the attempt, by direct or indirect influence on people's minds, to bring about an erosion of ideas, a deformation of the psychology of the mass of the people and their behaviour in the interests of imperialism. And, of course, the main empha-

sis is on anti-Communism and anti-Sovietism.

With all this, Western propagandists are professional and adept. It is not easy to expose their methods. There are various ways in which the problem can be tackled. Boris Korolyov has his own way. Not only has he satirical talent and a knowledge of psychology, he also has great experience of life. He has done several spells of work abroad and has a good knowledge of the things he writes about.

Furthermore, he returns again and again to the classics, borrowing from Cervantes and Boccaccio, and that is a totally acceptable method. First, those authors also wrote in humorous vein about serious things, and second, in their satire there are the most direct associations with contemporary life.

The reader will, of course, remember the splendid Don Quixote who, after reading romances about knights, carried out a great many daring deeds. Boris Korolyov's Don Quixote, after reading trashy anti-Soviet writings, also accomplished quite a few feats. For instance, on sighting the red sails of the Moulin Rouge in Paris, the confused knight begins shrieking "Aha! Red, eh? Then it's the Russians' winged missile. The Reds are already in Paris!" And he spurs Rosinante on.

Korolyov has also added a hundred and first tale to the immortal Decameron. It's about a clever, ingenious wife who convinces her husband that her lover is a foreign agent and "derives much profit from her ingenuity".

This collection of satires by Boris Korolyov was written when he was working in Greece, which lends a certain tone to the material. The

majority of the stories are linked with Greece and reflect the heated political passions raging in the country at the time. "Out with American military bases!", "No to NATO!"—these were the watchwords expressing the demands of the Greek people. It is this time that is basic to Boris Korolyov's humorous pieces on serious subjects. But anti-militarist sentiments are making themselves felt not only in Greece. In all the countries of Western Europe they are becoming increasingly powerful. Across the Atlantic, too. That is why this collection should be of interest to readers in any Western country...

FEAR ON THE CONVEYOR

As soon as the news arrived at NATO Headquarters (13 General Forrestal Street, second floor, Brussels: Luns—one ring, Rogers—two) that Greece would not give its agreement to the deployment of American military rockets on its soil, a special mission was despatched to Athens disguised as a party of archeologists. Three archeologists in civilian clothes, rucksacks over shoulders, were trying to melt imperceptibly into the crowd of bored-looking tourists going through customs, when suddenly they were swept up by the driver of a Rolls and rushed to a US military base.

Trying to be incognito in Athens is tantamount to being an elephant in a haystack. Within two hours after the plane touched down, the *Evening Bell* proclaimed that a landing party of specialists in arm-twisting had arrived in Greece. The well-known commentator Nikos Vulgaris asked, not without a touch of malevolence, how they were going to twist the arms of Venus de Milo.

The indefatigable Association of Foreign Journalists, whose budget enabled them not to let slip a single notability of the rank of general, put on a reception at their club in Akadimos Street

in honour of the head of the delegation, Mr. Roy Hitchcock, President of the American Fear Corporation. The journalists invited to the dinner cherished the secret hope of ferreting out the real aims of the NATO expedition.

First to give the battering ram a push was Clotilde Boudoire, *Paris Mat* correspondent.

"Is it true, sir, that you have come here to undermine Greece's position?"

Picking his teeth with a sapper's spade, General Hitchcock replied with a wit that could have graced not only a carousal of Old Etonians but even a get-together of the 7th Hunters' Regiment, who distinguished themselves at Waterloo four years before the opening of the Second Front. I have in mind a restaurant at a London railway terminus.

"It's true that my name is Roy and that I come from Texas. All the rest is the invention of the Communists."

So far the prairies have not yet seen the birth of a mustang that would throw Clotilde at first attempt. The importunate pirate of the pen dug in her heels and mounted a further attack on the honoured guest:

"But surely you've come here to sell missiles?"

Roy Hitchcock was definitely reeling. Medium-range quips started off one after another from the lips of the Texan.

"I don't trade in any missiles, not even tennis balls. My corporation sells merchandise that curdles the blood. My friends," he said, "let's be frank about things among ourselves. I sell fear!"

"It would be interesting to know who buys such a commodity! I'd like to see the idiot who'd

agree to give even a devaluated drachma for such rubbish!" commented the economic analyst of the London newspaper *Life or Knife*, which in the financial vocabulary means "Your money or your life".

That almost made Mr. Hitchcock choke, but just in time he remembered how he used to swallow whole rival companies. He went through the motions of a boa-constrictor swallowing and replied to his questioner: "Fear is now the best-selling commodity after oil. It is fear that oils the wheels of progress. Success is achieved by only those who know how to put real fear into people. And do this better than anyone else..."

"The Fear Corporation?"

"Congratulations! Bull's eye, in fact."

"Sir, will you please name your customers."

"We don't blazon the names of our clients from the rooftops. This is a very delicate sphere. Among our most important clients are presidents, prime ministers, ministers of defence and chiefs of general staff, corporation presidents and leaders of political parties. They're hardly likely to jump for joy if I announce their names."

"Why should they need fear?"

"Fear is the best advertisement. Now I'll give you a Pershing missile. Go out into the street and sell it."

There were no takers. The foreign journalists had a pretty good idea of the mood of the Athens streets.

"That's just it," Roy Hitchcock said with a smirk. "It's easier to sell a pig in a mosque. Yet the USA has sold the NATO countries a whole pile of Pershing-2s and Cruise missiles. But we've had to sweat to do it. We commissioned

seven retired generals and five still on the payroll to write books about the Kremlin's attack on Western Europe. You must have read them..."

"Of course, of course! 'The Russians in Paris', 'Soviet Tanks on the Rhine', 'Brussels Falls on Friday Night'..."

"Right, right. They show quite clearly that the Russians don't need more than two days to seize the whole of Western Europe. That's our thesis of 'Europe's defencelessness'."

"But surely NATO has masses of weapons. There are a great many US military bases with nuclear missiles in Europe."

"We've proved that our side has fewer of these weapons. We had our intelligence outfit 'Analysis Centre' working on that. It's known under the name 'USA—West Germany Liaison Group'. Its employees gather information about Soviet missiles and multiply the figure by ten. To begin with our colleagues in West Germany multiplied by five, but we had to have a few words with them. We obtain our most valuable intelligence from the Soviet newspapers. So our gratitude to the journalists. Ha-ha-ha!"

"Leakage of military information?"

"An excellent term. We make use of it. Our boys turned to good account the Russians' passion, after their successes in space, for giving the name 'rocket' to all sorts of things. They've got Rocket brand cigarettes, Rocket sweets, and restaurants named 'Rocket'. When the Soviet press announced that two million Rocket vacuum cleaners had been produced we immediately made use of that in the Western press."

"But surely someone must have known that they were vacuum cleaners!"

"Some left-wing paper spluttered out something about cleaners but on the evening of that very day our commentators explained in television interviews that this was a new kind of missile that created a vacuum. Just imagine one of these things falling on London, and in one minute after the crash the city would be without air. People listened to our commentaries with bated breath. After that we had no trouble at all in getting allocations for the new missiles."

"So you were the first to get down to developing this new weapon?"

"We have no difficulty in proving that the Soviets started it. As soon as my lads got hold of a newspaper picture of the Rocket hydrofoil, we made sure the whole of the West knew that the Russians had a sea-going version of Cruise missiles."

"But they sell their hydrofoils to dozens of other countries. Even to the USA, Canada and Britain. You've given yourselves away."

"On the contrary! We made great play of the fact that the Russians were selling their latest missiles to arm the enemies of democracy. There's great deal of truth in that. The fact that they're new is true. The fact that they're superior to those made in the West is also true. And so is the fact that the Russians have more of them than NATO. So we were able to convince our congressmen and many European politicians that in the construction of winged rockets we were trailing behind the Russians."

"But it's easy to convince congressmen and politicians—many of them are themselves spurring on the arms race. But what about the man in the street—John, Jean, Juan..."

"That's a point. These days we're getting our biggest orders for fear from Washington, London and Bonn. As for Jean and Juan, we start scaring the daylights out of them when they're still in their mothers' wombs."

"?"

"According to the data of our analysis centre, women in the sixth month of pregnancy spend an average of seven hours a day in front of the TV. They watch all the horror programmes devised on the orders of our corporation. Our job is to create a frightened generation. And we've got some achievements to our credit."

"And are the films about vampires and Frankenstein your doing?"

"I'm ashamed to confess that they are. Obviously, to begin with these were just naive things, like ghosts in old castles. Now we give the children ghosts for Christmas. But later on we created the James Bond series. And another series 'Mission Unfulfilled', in which our superhero foils the cunning ventures of the Reds!"

"You also had a Russian Colonel. . ."

"Yes, he migrates from film to film. A very successful bit of ingenuity. We made him bald and he chewed the edges of tumblers. They say that since those films seven children out of ten have been born with deformities."

"It can't be said that your corporation is concerned about children."

"It's enough that we don't forget them. In all the cartoon films for children and in all comics, on the insistence of our Fear Corporation, all villains and baddies have to wear a hammer-and-sickle emblem or a Soviet military uniform."

"Yes, we saw *Little Red Riding Hood*. On the buckle of his collar the wolf had a hammer and sickle."

"That's right. When he's gorging on the grandmother there's a close-up of the collar. Incidentally, in *Little Red Riding Hood* we also showed a bit of ingenuity. Beneath the red hood there's a communist agent concealed, who makes it easier for the wolf to get to the grandmother's house. It was right after the film was shown that Congress set up a special commission on 'The Present Danger'."

"'The Soviet Threat'—is that your sole production?"

"No, but it brings in the most money. Apart from that we have in our stores 'The Cuban Threat', and the Angolan and Vietnamese versions. It's a good thing to use the 'oil Sheikhs', 'the energy crisis', 'terrorists' and 'the threat from the left'. We have a wide range. For internal use we got out an extensive selection for presidential candidates, who will put fear into the hearts of voters with tales of the misfortunes that will befall the USA at home and abroad if their rival succeeds to the White House. We scare the trade unions with the thought of economic stagnation if orders for military purposes were cut."

"What successes have you had in Greece?"

"I'll be honest with you: it's here that I've been really frightened myself—for the first time ever."

"You mean you've seen your own films on television?"

"No, no, no! I'm afraid people will stop being afraid of us."

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE IN WESTERN EUROPE

Evangelos Kitopulos, editor of the Modern Epoch Publishers in Athens, presented me with a newly published edition of *Don Quixote*. The cover showed this renowned gentleman going into the attack with his spear—head on at a tank.

“An odd flight of fancy,” I commented.

“It was the idea of our artist Astiraki. But you know, had Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra lived to see our time quite a different version of *Don Quixote* might have appeared.”

I was amused by Kitopulos's thought, and my imagination produced the following picture.

* * *

The editor-in-chief of the newspaper *Interventional Herald Oldtune*, published in Europe with American finance, picked up the phone and said: “Get me Seville. . . John! Why on earth do you make people chase after you all over the place. Where's that comic piece your much-vaunted writer's supposed to produce? What!? The first part runs to 512 pages? And he won't start on the second instalment for another ten years? By the way, what's he writing about? A Spanish soldier travers about Europe fighting a

danger that lies in wait for us at every step... Not bad! All right—give him a cheque for 1,000 dollars... What? He doesn't take dollars? All right—give him yen. Our conditions—five pages of typescript, and before the word 'danger' insert the word 'Russian'. Or 'Red'—that's still better. And let him make his general a member of the Committee on the Present Danger. The chaps in Washington will love it."

The text arrived by telex two days later, and it is reproduced below with all the thematic, stylistic and linguistic characteristics that contributed to the immortal glory of this great novel.

DEDICATION

To Baron Bavär, Prince Wallstreet, Count Alabama, the Pentagon griffin, the Capitol hawk.

In view of the fact that you, Your Darkness, are one of those important people who are so inclined to encourage items in newspapers about the "Soviet threat", etc., etc.

PROLOGUE

Idle reader, I have many times taken up my pen and have many times thrown it down again not knowing how to begin. I was in a state of irresolution when a friend visited me by chance.

"Since the sole aim of your writing," he said, "is to overthrow the power of newspaper inventions and destroy their influence on the views and actions of society, there is no need to seek

from the philosophers wise words, or from scriptures sermons, or from the Sovietologists legends, and the Kremlinologists prophesies. Better to be concerned that your words are understandable, proper and correctly placed."

I did not enter into any argument, but agreed with him then and there. . .

CHAPTER 1

telling of the disposition and way of life of the renowned Don Quixote

...In a word, our gentleman plunged into reading. He sat over Axel Springer's newspapers and journals from morning to night. And when he ran out of reading matter, he was to be seen in front of a television set that relayed programmes from America. And because he slept little and read a lot his brain became desiccated, so that in the end he lost his reason altogether. His imagination was eaten up by all he had read about in the newspapers—Russian tanks approaching the banks of the Rhine, Soviet parachutists seizing Belgium, Don Cossacks prancing down the Champs Elysées, submarines with red stars scaring nudists on Mediterranean beaches, cunning Soviet trade representatives buying grain for a song from naive Arizona farmers, insolent trawlers hunting down the last sardine that had managed to survive after an American bomber dropped an atom bomb into the sea, and about captains of the merchant marine who seduced wealthy widows from the West.

All this became so firmly lodged in his head that it was as if the whole farrago of absurdities were the real truth, and that for him there was nothing more credible in the whole world.

Then, when he was already quite out of his mind he was seized with a strange idea the like of which had not hitherto occurred to any lunatic in the world. It was this: he considered it wise, and even essential, both for his own glory and for the good of his homeland, to get on his horse and with weapon in hand go forth to wipe out the threatening danger.

He himself made the careful choice of horse and weapon, after inspecting hundreds of catalogues. He bought his horse from the well-known firm of Lockheed, which offered military transport, and called it Rosinante in order to fool Russian intelligence. The nuclear-tipped lance was acquired by chance in West Germany from an American Commissariat for the sale of obsolete nuclear warheads unable to stand competition from neutron weapons. And he made an excellent helmet from the cone of a Cruise missile.

Thus equipped, he noted that one quite important item was missing. That was a shield. But here his ingenuity came to the rescue. He took a file of the newspaper *Die Storter* for one year and from it made such a shield that not only could the spear of the raging Roland not pierce it, but nor could the pen of the indefatigable Springer had they met him on the road. The yellow hue of the newspaper fully conformed to the safety standards for knight-errants, for it eased the search for those who lost their way.

After deciding that, as a real knight, he should add to his name a suitable geographical designation, he decided to become Don Quixote d'English Channel, to indicate the area he came from.

CHAPTER 2

telling of the glorious victory won by Don Quixote in a terrible, hitherto unprecedented duel with windmills

...Now Don Quixote and Sancho Panza beheld a windmill standing in the very centre of the celebrated Gallic city of Paris. On beholding this sight, Don Quixote turned to his arms bearer and said: "Look, friend Sancho—over there a monstrous giant can be seen. I intend to enter into combat with him."

"Where do you see this giant?" asked Sancho Panza.

"Why, he's over there, with enormous arms," his master replied.

"For pity's sake, senor," Sancho objected, "what you can see over there is not a giant but a windmill. It's the famous night club, Moulin Rouge, which means 'Red Mill'."

"Aha!" Don Quixote exclaimed. "Red, eh? Then it's the Russians' winged missile. The Reds are already in Paris!"

With those last words Don Quixote dug in his spurs. Shield at the ready and horse at a gallop, he thrust his lance into the nearest sail. But just then a wind blew up and only slivers remained of his lance. Caught up by the sail, both

horse and rider were in a quite pitiful state. Then the sail threw them to the ground...

Frightened dancers spilled from the Moulin Rouge windows. They had seen much in their lives working for the night club, had even tolerated the proximity of NATO headquarters. But never before had they come across such a temperamental client.

CHAPTER 3

in which Don Quixote fights a single-handed battle with a huge army and puts it to flight

...Suddenly Don Quixote noticed a thick cloud of dust coming along the road towards him.

"Do you observe, Sancho, that cloud of dust? It means that the dust is raised by a host of great numbers and many tribes, which is coming in our direction."

My goodness, what a vast number of Warsaw Treaty states Don Quixote managed to name, having made his own all he had read in deceitful articles and deeply impressed by them; what a vast number of nations he listed in a twinkling of an eye, investing each one with its own special characteristics!

"It seems to me, senor, that that's not an army."

"How can you come out with such foolishness!" Don Quixote exclaimed. "Don't you hear the horses snorting, the engines roaring and the caterpillar tracks clattering?"

"I hear nothing but the bleating of ewes and rams," Sancho replied.

“You donkey, that’s the speech of many tribes uttering threats! Those you mistake for rams are Siberian Cossacks clad in their traditional sheep-skin coats. Some of them are on foot and some on armoured transport. And if they’ve scared the living daylights out of you then step aside and leave me by myself!”

With those words he charged into the flock of sheep and so valiantly did he lay about him with his lance that it was as if they really were his mortal enemies.

There was, of course, no enemy army. The cloud of dust was created by Common Market farmers protesting against the withdrawal of state subsidies and reductions in the selling price of meat. In accordance with their tradition, they were advancing in their tractors on Brussels, and in order to draw attention to their plight were driving a flock of sheep along in front of them.

They took Don Quixote’s onslaught as yet another of the customary police attacks—by the special units for breaking up demonstrations—and they decided to defend themselves. They threw stones with such deftness that our poor knight was knocked off his horse. The shepherds ran over to him and, having decided that they had killed him, gathered their flock with indecent haste and without further ado pushed on.

But the hapless knight Don Quixote remained in the land of the living and accomplished a great many more feats of valour, which will go on for as long as the newspapers continue to hold forth about the “Soviet threat”.

TWENTIETH CENTURY DECAMERON

We are not going to reproach General Merders for not having read Boccaccio's *Decameron*. General Merders, commander of the NATO nuclear weapons deployment group, makes up for this shortcoming by his feverish perusal of Pentagon orders and the daily reports from the New York stock exchange. And the General had no dearth of unprintable words.

At a banquet in honour of NATO's ten-day manoeuvres in the Mediterranean under the code name "Decameron" Polly Koritsa, correspondent of the military programme of Athens television, asked the General: "Sir, you are familiar with Boccaccio, of course?"

"What a question!" he exclaimed. "I order pizza from that little joint every Saturday. And the old fox makes it in the form of an anti-tank mine specially for me. And when it explodes in tomato sauce there's great mirth."

Incidentally, Boccaccio hadn't read Merders, either. Yet Merders was the author of the order that created such a stir in Italy on the siting of Cruise missiles on the tower of Pisa. "That tower," the General explained, "leans precisely in the direction of the Soviet Union."

Merders had not read Boccaccio. Boccaccio did not read Merders. But the balance was short-

lived, for NATO cannot tolerate a balance any more than nature can tolerate a vacuum. Within a few days the celebrated *Decameron* acquired its one hundred and first novella. The surviving reading public are indebted to General Merders for this.

It all began with an inspection flight. The General decided to check on the sites earmarked for the deployment of medium-range nuclear missiles. As he flew over Florence, the General dropped some neutron ash from a nuclear cigar over the side of the helicopter. Normally he consigned it to a lead ashtray, but this time his aim was bad.

"Over the beautiful city of Florence," Boccaccio records in the first page of *Decameron*, "hung the threat of plague." This time it was nuclear plague. Ten noble ladies and ten enterprising young men fled to a villa in the suburbs where, in a concrete bunker, they entertained themselves, among other things, by telling in turn stories which not even the Swedes would dare put on the screen. A hundred stories have long since been available in translations into all tongues. Now we present to the reader the hundred and first.

STORY 101

of how a clever and ingenious woman convinced her husband that her lover was a foreign agent; and derived much profit from her ingenuity

When the blush of confusion, aroused by Pompeia's tale of the adroit wife of the cooper who made her husband clean out a barrel while she

enjoyed herself with her lover, had vanished from the cheeks of the noble ladies, it was Brunhild's turn, and this magnificent woman begged the others not to reproach her if the hundred and first tale turned out to be boring.

"There was an American senator, a shareholder of the Uboeing company," Brunhild began, after taking a sip from a glass of Barbarossa brandy, "that very company that builds bombers and missiles. The senator's name was Merders. He was known to his friends by the nickname 'The Bomb'. His brother was a Pentagon general and was also a shareholder of that same company.

"The senator was so besotted with the bomb that he even took as his wife a mediocre singer from a Broadway theatre because the papers called her a sex bomb. The senator had a keen eye, and it was hardly surprising that he was known to his colleagues as 'the Hawk'. The nest of this hawk was cosy and stable, the Uboeing company was flourishing. General Merders placed orders for more and more new missiles, and Senator Merders pushed votes through the Senate for allocations for their firm. In order to squeeze money out of the government the senator did not let a day pass without frightening the country with the Russian menace. He had spoken so often in the Senate, written so many articles for the press and given so many interviews on television that he had convinced many Americans that there was at least one Russian agent hiding beneath every American bed. But if the bed was in the home of a Negro, the Kremlin sent a Cuban there instead. That would be one of the Cu-

bans who had not yet been despatched to undermine democracy in Africa.

“‘Every genuine patriot,’ Senator Merders demanded, ‘must, on returning home, toss a grenade under the bed.’

“For this purpose the Uboeing company received an order for the production of special neutron grenades. These were able to kill by radiation all living things in the room, leaving the furniture intact. According to FBI data, there are 120 million beds in the USA, not counting cots in barracks and bunks in prisons and down-and-outs’ shelters. When one considers that NATO’s nuclear planning group has recommended that all members of the bloc acquire this new weapon, it is clear what a superb order the Uboeing company has received.

“The Gallup Institute conducted a special poll. Seventy per cent of Americans were in favour of removing from the bedroom the wife, cat, or dog before tossing the grenade. The Society for the Protection of Insects objected strongly to the new legislation, but this time the hawks won.

“The senator was so busy terrifying his own and foreign public, was so often away in Western Europe, that his young wife began to suffer from bouts of melancholy. It so happened that at this very time a fine young man from the New York Giants basketball team fell passionately in love with her, and infiltrated the senator’s home in the guise of a tax collector. For the first five minutes, however, the virtue of our young woman was, in fact, impregnable. The senator himself was at that very moment dining with a South Korean businessman. Since the adroit businessman had slipped the senator a bribe early

on, between the aperitif and a salad of brussel sprouts, dinner was not a protracted affair. The senator still had a couple of hours left before an appointment with a military purchasing delegation from Honduras, so he decided to pop home and give his wife a pleasant surprise—the South Korean businessman had presented him with a diamond necklace.

“But it was the senator who got the real surprise. His frightened wife hid under the bedclothes, pulling the eiderdown right over her head, and from beneath the bed protruded three feet of legs shod in basketball shoes. Their enormous size amazed the senator—hitherto he had seen such huge feet only on a statue of President Truman.

“‘Whose are those feet, you treacherous jade, protruding from under my bed?’ Senator Merders put the question insidiously to Mrs. Merders, as if questioning a ‘dove’ in a Senate debate on additional appropriations for the Pentagon.

“‘John “Bomb” Merders,’ his wife replied with dignity, ‘those are not feet. They are hands!’

“‘May I be flogged with a palm frond if I can’t distinguish a foot from an arm. Even when it’s wearing such a huge basketball shoe.’

“‘It’s the hand of Moscow. There’s a Russian agent hiding under the bed.’

“‘But why isn’t he wearing Russian army boots instead of basketball shoes?’

“‘Surely you haven’t forgotten, John Merders, that the Soviet national basketball team is touring the USA? You yourself declared on television yesterday that it’s entirely made up of secret service agents.’

“‘Oh, my god, that’s true! I’ll get right busy pushing through a law on ending sporting links with the Soviet Union. Quick, jump out of the window!’ the senator shouted, seizing a neutron grenade from his pocket.”

The noble ladies laughed like mad and praised the quickwittedness of the senator’s wife. Pompeia said: “She was saved by the basketball shoes. She wouldn’t have had a chance if soldier’s boots had been sticking out from under that bed.”

In reply to that Brunhild gave a sly smile and said: “Mrs. Merders would have told her husband that there was a Soviet Army Song and Dance Ensemble performing in Washington!”

WHITE HOUSE OLYMPIC CALENDAR

Two people were talking in the Oval Room. In accordance with custom the talk was being recorded. The first was on the President's tape recorder, so that the person he was talking to could not go back on his word if matters came to a court case. The second was on the tape recorder of his rival, whose supporters had tossed onto the fire a log containing a listening device.

"Tell me, Pig, what do you think of my chances of getting back for a 'second term?'"

Pigniew Brashinger, Presidential adviser and first generation American, understood that this time he had to speak the truth. From lack of practice he even choked a little:

"Since that marathon, when you had to be carried off on a stretcher after two kilometres, the press dubbed you a man who's gone off the track."

"That's all your fault, Pig! It was you who insisted that in Olympic year the candidate who distinguished himself in sport would have the best chance of getting in."

"Yes, sir! In the electors' minds your name has got to be associated with the Olympic Games. And for that we have to think up an Olympic motto."

"Such as?"

"Well, say, something like: 'Faster, higher, farther!'"

"Fine! It'll suit our military programme. Especially with the new nuclear missiles. With that motto we can plug up the beak of any dove."

"No, sir. In this case missiles might be a bad thing. During the Olympics peace is supposed to reign on earth."

"Well, that's a bogey I don't believe in. It's all an invention of the Reds. When were the first Olympics?"

"In 1896. In Athens."

"What was the President of the USA doing then?"

"Right then the USA was preparing an invasion of Cuba. President McKinley declared in a message to Congress: 'Intervention is our special duty, since all this is happening on our borders.' At the time the Cubans wanted to throw out the Spaniards."

"Wonderful words! Give orders for them to be carved on the wall of the Oval Room. What happened during the second Games?"

"That was in 1900. The British were beating the Boers. But the Games were in Paris."

"About the English, incidentally, Pig. Is it true that Margaret Thatcher sits on a sack of wool?"

"No, sir. It's the Lord Chancellor who sits on wool. As regards Mrs. Thatcher, they say she's sitting on a powder keg. That's since she agreed to have our missiles in Britain."

"That's all a lot of twaddle put about by the Reds, Pig. Now Pinochet, they say, sits on the

bayonets of the marines. It would be interesting to know what they say about me. . . .”

“Whatever they say, sir I advise you to remain on a sack of peanuts. For one thing, your horizon’s extended by a whole yard. Secondly, peanuts are democratic. It gives you the image of the most democratic of democrats.”

“The third Games, Pig, where were they”?

“Here in St. Louis, sir, in 1904.”

“What were we doing to ensure peace?”

“Just before the Games opened we sent the cruiser *Nashville* to Panama. It was. . . Let’s have a look in the encyclopedia. Here we are: 2nd November, 1903. At 20.00 hours the State Department received a cablegram saying: ‘No uprising yet, it will take place tonight.’ The following morning we had already taken the Panamanian Isthmus from Colombia.”

“So we created the Panamanian Republic?”

“Yes, sir. And in its Constitution in the very year of the Olympics we inserted article 36: ‘The government of the USA has the right to intervene in any part of the Republic of Panama for the purpose of maintaining calm.’”

“A magnificent achievement, an Olympic record! And what were we after in 1908?”

“Our Consul-General in Mukden, Willard Strait, made an excellent attempt in Mukden. He worked for the House of Morgan. Using the construction of a railway from Xinmintun to Fakumin as an excuse, he summoned soldiers to China who he called ‘railway units’, and he almost succeeded in breaking away a large piece of the Eastern provinces. The Olympic Games took place in London.”

"What was the British view of Strait's efforts?"

"Olympian calm. And it gave us an idea for the next Olympics, which were held in Stockholm in 1912. We had taken away a canal from Panama. It was in the Olympic year that it became a US possession. At the time Congress simply denounced the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty and the canal was ours."

"That's one more proof, Pig, that any treaty we sign we have the right to break off at any moment. Incidentally, do you have a copy of any treaty handy? I'd like to break something off, line-up a couple of agreements for me... What happened in 1916?"

"War, sir. The Olympics didn't take place until 1920 in Antwerp."

"That's a city in Georgia?"

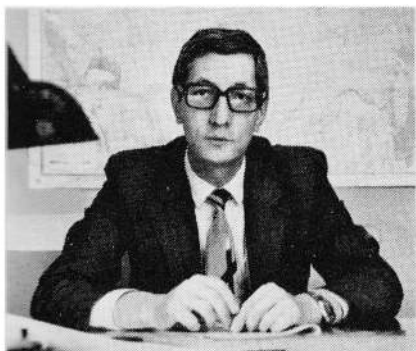
"No, in Europe. Somewhere in Denmark. Or Holland. Anyway, it's where NATO's northern flank is now."

"Very well presented. A tremendous distance. I hope we were active?"

"Of course, sir! We prepared a second crusade of the Entente against Soviet Russia?"

"What's the Entente?"

"That's what NATO used to be called. We sent General Denikin 140,000 rifles, several million cartridges, 320,000 pairs of boots, 200,000 overcoats and other military supplies to the tune of 87 million dollars. In that Olympic year we flung the White Polish troops against Russia. We gave them 200 tanks, 300 planes, 20,000 machine guns, three million sets of uniforms and four million pairs of military boots. The US Trea-



Vsevolod ARSENYEV (b. 1937), journalist, cartoonist, news photographer and book illustrator, has worked for Soviet newspapers and magazines for nearly 25 years. He has travelled extensively across the country producing two picture albums and two books of travel sketches.

Since 1972 Vsevolod Arsenyev has worked as an artist on the staff of the Soviet youth daily Komsomolskaya Pravda. He publishes more than 150 political cartoons annually in Komsomolskaya Pravda and Moscow News. His cartoons have appeared in many newspapers and magazines in other countries as well.

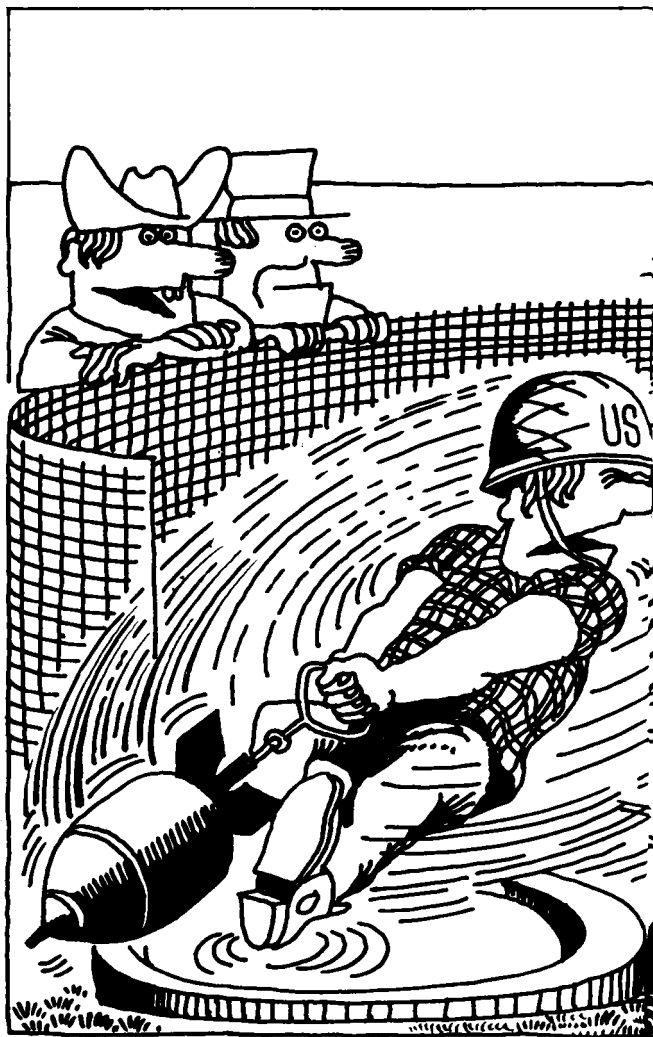
In this book we offer a collection of Vsevolod Arsenyev's anti-war cartoons.



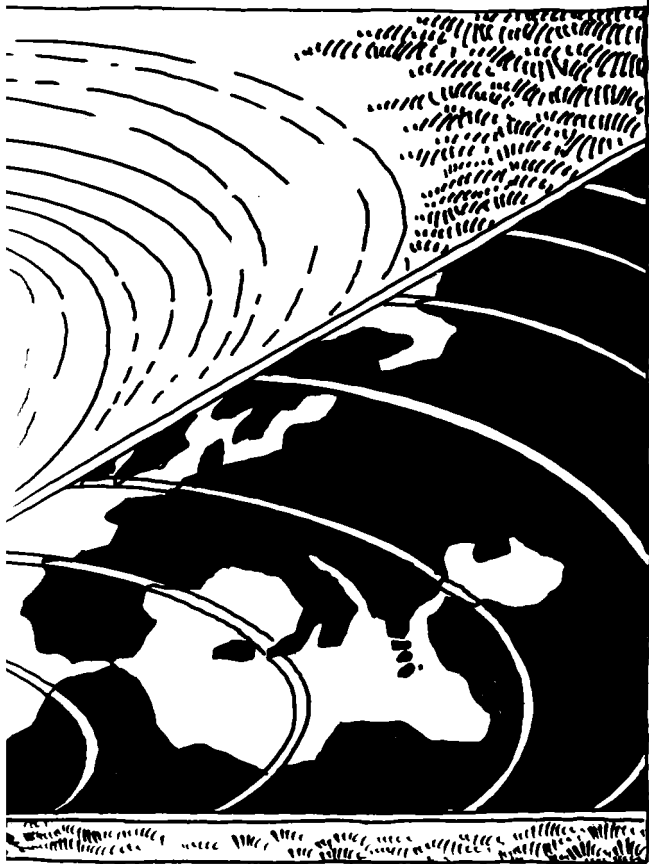
"Welcome to my new theatre of war!"



The 20th-century Diogenes.



He prefers to set his records on fields in other countries..."





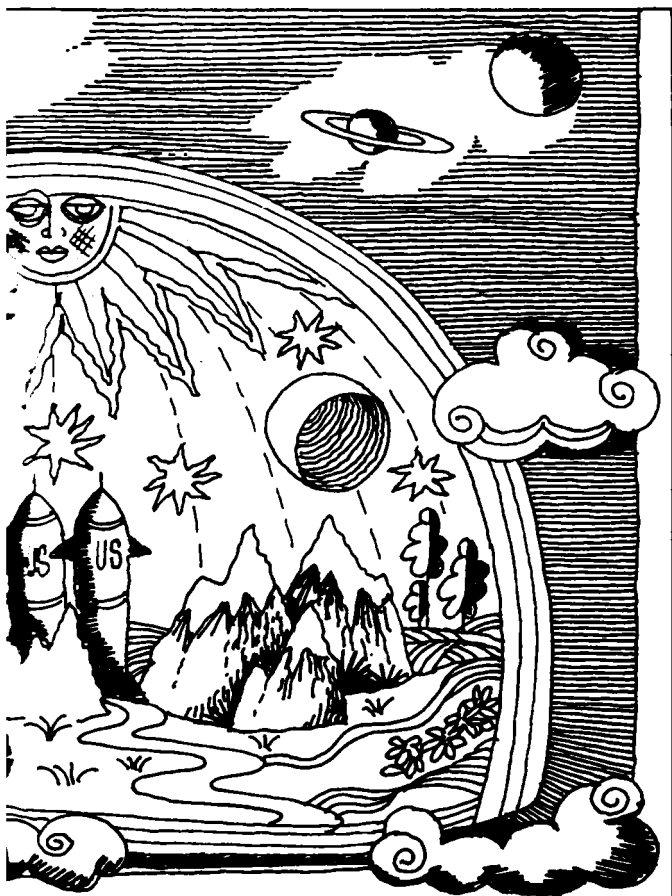
American-style patience:

"Now let's see if we can't find the quickest way to cover Europe with the black crosses of clubs."



"And they say I've forgotten my pre-election promises..."

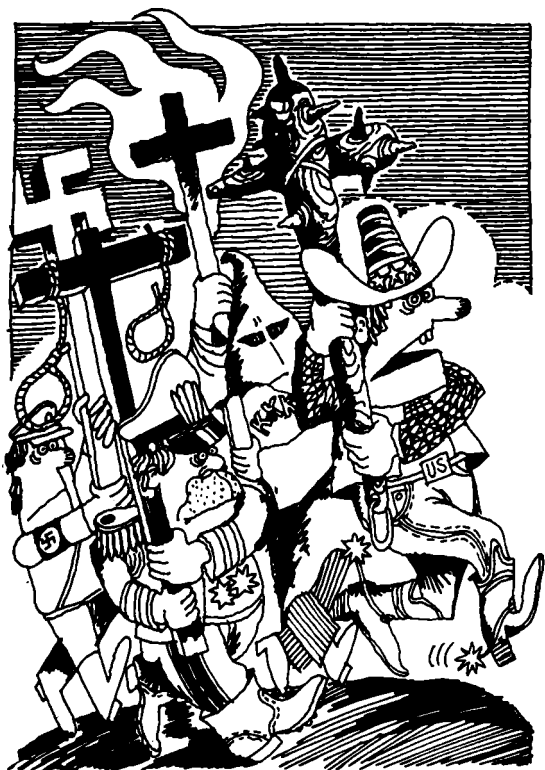




"All those are also spheres of our vital interests."



"I don't know what awaits you after victory in a nuclear war. I can't see into the next world."



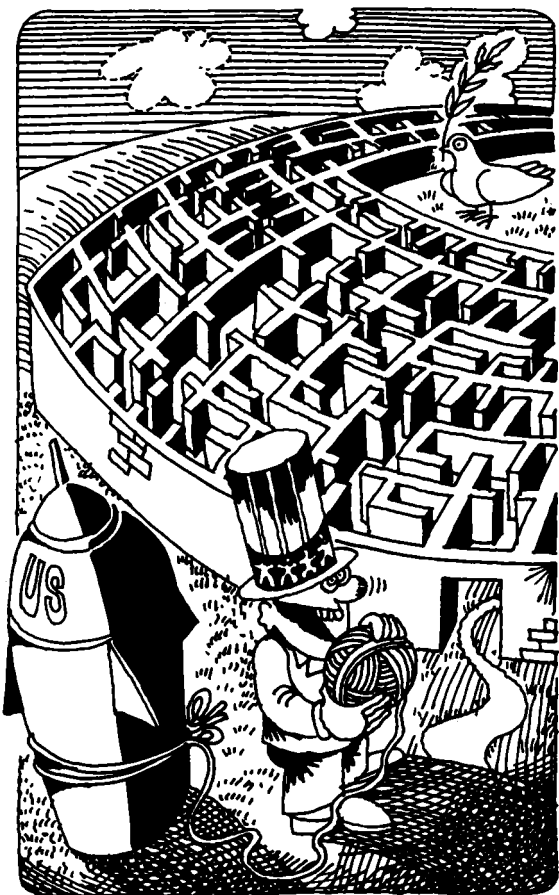
With these "sacred" crosses they are trying to convert the world to their faith.



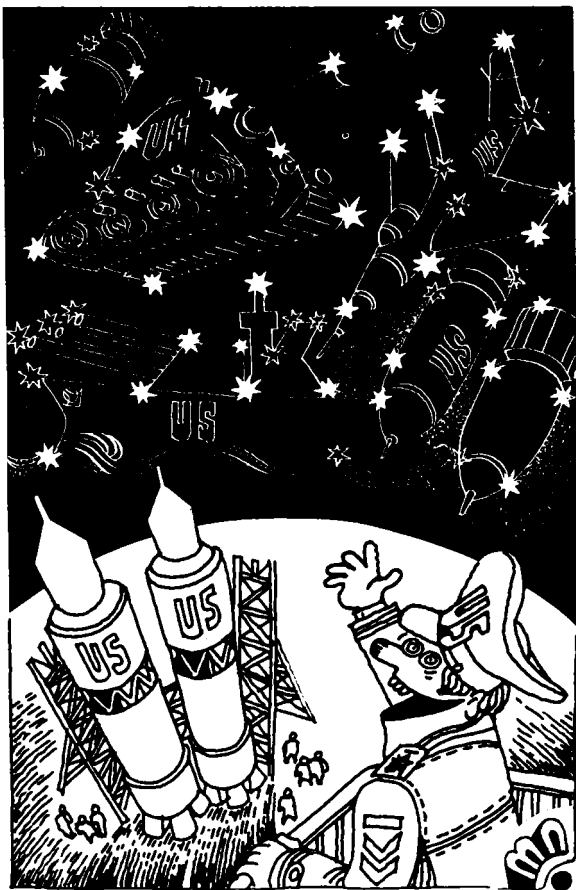
"Dear listeners, I'm sorry about the mistake. You are, of course, listening to VOA, not CIA..."



"One head is good, but ten warheads are better."



"I'll just take a stroll through the labyrinth I've built for the talks. I'll always be able to find my way back with this string..."



"These constellations give you a feeling of peace..."



"Go in peace!.."

sury remembers these Olympics very well—we lavished several thousand million dollars on the fight against Russia.”

“What about our results in this fight?”

“We lost, sir. But State Secretary Bainbridge Colby declared at the time that the USA would continue to conduct a policy of enmity and boycott against Soviet Russia.”

“An interesting thought! Remind me of it at the end of our talk.”

“Certainly, sir. In 1924 the Games were in Paris. We did not sit with our arms folded. We twisted the arms of others. Our troops were on the territories of six Latin American states out of twenty. State Secretary Charles Hughes announced to the whole world that the USA had the right to intervene in any Latin American country, the right to establish democracy there by force. And we were sending punitive detachments of naval forces to China. US ships were patrolling the Yangtze. And our marines dispersed demonstrations of Chinese students and workers.”

“We’ve never forgotten China, Pig.”

“No, sir, we haven’t forgotten her. The following Games were in Amsterdam, but we were preparing Chiang Kai-shek and the Chinese militarists for their campaign against the revolutionary bases and the Chinese Red Army.”

“And I recall the 1932 Games myself. They were in our country, in Los Angeles.”

“It’s hard not to remember, sir. The programme was extremely complex. The march of war veterans on Washington, the Hunger March of the workless. Machine guns and bombs had to be brought into action. . .

"We helped Japan to seize Manchuria. When the Chinese started reproaching us for helping the Japanese with weapons, an assistant US military attaché, and Brigadier Riley advised the Japanese to attack the Soviet Far East. In that same year we beat the small republics of Central America with President Hoover's 'big stick'. And Hoover received Italy's gratitude—from Mussolini. The Duce thanked the US president for deferring the payment of reparations: 'Hoover has given us the opportunity to hold out in the course of this formidable winter,' he told the Italian fascists."

"But we didn't let Hitler down, either."

"That wasn't likely, sir! The next Games were in Berlin. And Ford had started giving money to Hitler back during the 'beer-house putsch'. The Morgans gave him several million through Lorenz AG and Mixt und Genest. These were the names under which our firms operated in Germany. After the Olympics Hoover himself visited Hitler. He praised him to the skies. Do you remember him pointing out that 'Despite the miserable standard of living, the fascists were successful in pressing down on the people to wring out support for gigantic, ever-growing military might'?"

"But the world record for the press belongs to me. Not one President has pressed out of the people so much for military expenditure as I."

"Two succeeding Olympics did not take place. Hitler embarked on war. But in 1948 the Olympic Games were held in London. That was a success. Just then we were getting NATO together in Europe. We got a clause into the Treaty which gave us the right to take our troops into

any NATO country. And Article 5 states plainly that we justify the use of military force if the aim is 'to restore and maintain the security of the North Atlantic area'. In that same year we had a lot of trouble over China. We equipped and shod 166 Chiang Kai-shek divisions, we gave him 1,720 planes and 757 ships, plus 6,000 million dollars to enable him to defeat the Communists. Dean Acheson had the right to say to the President at the time: 'Chiang's armies did not lose a single battle in critical 1948 that would be attributed to a shortage of arms and equipment.' "

"That's fine, Pig."

"At the time of the next Olympic Games—which took place in Helsinki in 1952, we threw in all the planes we could to drop bombs—with success—on Angdun and other Chinese cities. It was all because they had sent volunteers to Korea, where our valiant Seventh Fleet and our air force and marines were fighting."

"You might say that we outdid everyone else in throwing..."

"And later on in running, sir. But our diplomats enjoyed a great victory. At a session of the UN General Assembly they declared China an aggressor. By the time of the following Games we were already making claims on Vietnam: the USA paid 80 per cent of the entire cost of the war against the Vietnamese. It was in 1956 that Dulles declared that the defence of the USA must be reinforced by the force of mass retribution and that the means and the area of its application must be determined by the US government."

"The force of mass retribution. That's a thought!"

"Then there were the Games in Rome. Our marines landed in Lebanon to save President Chamoun's regime. On May 1st the Russians brought down a spy plane of ours in the area of their Urals city of Sverdlovsk. On May 11th our President confirmed that spy flights over other countries' territories have been and remain the calculated policy of the USA. For the Games in Tokyo the CIA guys had planned the murder of Fidel Castro; we applied sanctions and an economic blockade against Cuba and overthrew several regimes in Latin America..."

"Blockade, sanctions... I like the Olympic experience of the White House more and more, Pig."

"Well, I've already told you about the Games in Tokyo. I'll just add that we also helped Israel against the Arabs. After Tokyo came Mexico, Munich and Montreal. That, sir, was Vietnam, and in addition we removed Allende from Chile..."

"I see, Pig, that shooting remains the chief form of sport for the White House. When peace reigns on earth—then it's not our Games, Pig. I appoint you president of the Committee for the Present Olympic Danger. What did I ask you to remind me about, Pig?"

"Boycott, blockade and sanctions, sir."

"Those three words, Pig, are my Olympic motto."

KNOCKOUT TO THE PEN

It's just a handshake from Greece to Malta.
Altogether just a couple of hops by Alitalia.
One hop to Rome, and a skip to Valetta.

But in order to get to Malta you need a strong hand. Or perhaps two. One in the Italian Foreign Ministry, the other in the equivalent institution of Malta.

From Moscow came a telegram: "Fly urgently to Valetta for the International Conference of Democratic Lawyers." It was evening in Athens and, in accordance with the eternal law of editorial tasks, the lawyers' conference had either already started or was to open next morning. Bubbling with excitement, I was ready to fly out of Athens right away, like a cork from a champagne bottle.

"When you come back, we'll drink a bottle of Soviet Champagne"—these were the words I wanted to hear from the Maltese consul to whom I applied for a visa.

He was an honorary consul, which meant that he himself had no authority to put a stamp in my passport.

"Never mind," the honorary consul said. "I'll ring Rome and talk to the Maltese consulate. I'll

"Apply to the consulate in Piraeus. They'll give you a visa urgently."

The consulate in Piraeus was no longer receiving visitors that day. I rang the Maltese honorary consul.

"The telex has arrived. Everything's in order," he said.

"May I come and get my visa?"

"No, better take the telex and fly with it directly to Malta. You'll get the visa right at the airport. From the immigration authorities."

"Can you certify the text of the telex with your signature and stamp?"

"No. But the telex says that you can get your visa at the airport. Take it and get on the plane."

I did not order a plane ticket for the morning. I decided to lose one more day but to get the Italian transit visa. With that visa I would go to the Rome consulate in Malta and there get permission to attend the international conference in Valetta. Early in the morning, passport in hand, I climbed the marble staircase of the Italian consulate.

"Please don't worry!" an official of the Italian consulate, a kind, energetic girl, said, as if reading my thoughts. "Fill in the questionnaire. You're a journalist? What delay could there possibly be? Fill it in fortissimo and everything will be bellissimo. Come back in twenty minutes—I'll just hand your nice red passport to the Consul."

Twenty minutes later I was told that my visa application had been turned down.

"Why?"

"Turned down—that's all."

At the Association of Foreign Journalists, where I went to demand Helsinki justice with regard to journalists, I ran into my friend Christos Kannelopulos.

"Why?" I asked him, "why won't they give me a visa?"

Christos took a clean sheet of paper, inserted it into the typewriter, and with two fingers, like drumsticks, typed out 12 lines:

To European Capital
In articles you've been merciless.
For that this wretched Capital
Will see that you are visa-less.
To Rome from Athens? What a comedown!
The ruins there are rather rundown. . .
What matter summonses to Rome?
I prefer this classic home.
Rome's remains may lie and moulder,
Give me Athens, hers are older.
Journalists are cussed geezers,
Our rule is travel without visas!

"What the hell," Christos said in magnificent prose, "do you need an Italian visa for? Fly to Rome, and while you're waiting to change planes for Valetta, your friends there will bring you a visa from the Maltese consulate."

I ordered a ticket from Alitalia.

I rang my friends in Rome and said I'd be with them at ten o'clock next morning.

"We won't be able to bring you the visa," they said. "It's Saturday tomorrow. And besides, the Maltese consulate here has told us that they won't issue a visa here but will send an application to Valetta. They say that in any case it takes at least 48 hours to obtain a visa. Even for

a journalist. Even one flying there to write about an international conference."

I looked at my watch. In 24 hours the conference would end. I rang Alitalia and cancelled my order.

That evening I ran into Christos again.

"They didn't let you go there," he said, "because in the course of consultations on reaching a common position at the Madrid meeting the NATO countries agreed to lower the boom on journalists wanting to fly to the Conference of Democratic Lawyers."

"Why?"

"Because the main theme of the meeting of democratic lawyers," he said, "is the rights of man."

INTERVIEW WITH A GENERAL AND A GOOSE

The little Greek town was called Drama.

It was in a moment of keen insight that fate gave the town its name, which was a gift to the journalists. It fell into their hands without any effort on their part, like the famed apple on Isaac Newton. As they related the story that brought fame to the town, they wrung every possible association from its name, leaving us no chance at all of a simple pun. We shall not shake the apple tree of imagination. We shall just tell the story of what really happened.

The town of Drama was let down by geese. They were peacefully nibbling the grass on the edge of the town and took no notice at all of a platoon of American soldiers marching towards the centre. Dear-oh-dear! After all, hadn't the town council taken on the geese when the legend of "the threat from the North" was rife? But since the threat was mythical and the geese real, should the geese be blamed for relaxing their vigilance? The vigilance shown by their fellows when they saved Rome. Well, any way, American soldiers marching about Greek towns were quite a common spectacle.

When the GIs went into the attack it was already too late. What use could the geese be

then? Not even the Maginot Line or the Atlantic Wall could have saved the town of Drama. The mayor did not even have time to fling a white sheet over the balcony railings of his house overlooking the central square. It was a chemical attack!

The soldiers were wearing gas masks, and also protective capes and boots. In an instant the town centre was transformed into a huge gas chamber, such as Himmler could only have dreamt of. In it hundreds of Drama's residents, who gazed bewildered at the American strangers, were doomed to an agonising death.

This time the living targets were saved. The attack was a training manoeuvre. Before very long it was the Americans who had to defend themselves. A wave of protest of earthquake proportions shook the country. Greek Foreign Minister Mitsotakis summoned Rober McCloskey, the US Ambassador, in order to convey a stern protest to this sworn ally. A written apology and explanation of the incident did not save the ambassador from this unpleasant visit.

Drama suffered the US chemical attack on Thursday. On Friday the whole of Greece had heard the news. A spade was called a spade, and this brazen escapade of US troops was designated a crude provocation. Party leaders of the Democratic opposition, choking not from gas but from rage, stated that the Americans looked upon Greece as a very convenient training ground for rehearsing nuclear, biological and chemical warfare and whipping up military hysteria.

On the Saturday morning I called the US Ambassador, but was told that he had put on his tailcoat and gone off to the Greek Foreign Office

to receive a reprimand. There was nothing left for me to do but travel to the area of Drama in search of General Goosestep.

The general received me in a concrete bunker. His facial expression seemed to be less than welcoming, but he turned out to be wearing a gas mask.

"I am not removing it until the White House gets a new Administration," General Goosestep explained courteously. "I've become used to it, haven't shaved for a month. There are moments of inconvenience, of course, but the life of the military consists of inconveniences," he summed up philosophically. His attitude to the protests of the Greek was equally philosophical:

"They'll shout a bit and then they'll stop. It's not the first time. We were just having an ordinary training exercise. All US units have to be prepared for chemical warfare, and they do their training in protective gear. The Greek are only quibbling because we didn't ask permission from the authorities."

"But the official protest says that you violated specific rules and agreements."

"If we had done our training on the territory of our base no one would have had the right to poke their noses into our business. If training is carried out alongside Greek units we can attack any town."

"Who gave the order to attack Drama?"

"Well, it was a junior officer. What can you expect—he wasn't even in Vietnam."

"Well, he'll evidently go far, won't he? Napoleon was only a little corporal, and Hitler a lance-corporal..."

"We've already enough generals for that role. Now there's a different kind of war: you have to savvy about chemistry, biology, and nuclear physics. We train as if we were college students. Ha-ha-ha! I gave that officer a bit of dressing-down."

"There are talks in progress now about the status of US bases in Greece. What proposals have you personally put forward?"

"I've proposed that Greece be regarded as one great US base. Then there won't be any complications."

The duty officer came in and asked what was to be done with a goose taken prisoner in the town of Drama.

"Act strictly in accordance with the treaty on the status of US military bases in Greece."

"Yes, sir."

I was struck by the General's wisdom and asked permission to put a couple of questions to the POW goose.

"Shoot," the General said.

It was evidently not the first time the goose had given an interview on the events in Drama. Talking with him was sheer pleasure. A very brainy bird.

"How did you happen to miss the enemy?"

"We don't look upon the Americans as our enemies. We see them as our allies."

"What is your attitude to the fact that they are using Greek territory to prepare for gas warfare?"

"What else would you rather they did if they've got poisonous and nerve-paralysing gas, along with gas masks and protective clothing and boots?"

"Isn't it dangerous to have a friend here who brings into your home nuclear and biological weapons?"

"Their presence is a guarantee of our security. The Pentagon is rich. It's not hard to guess where we get the money to strengthen our army. We have a common destiny."

"But it will take the country to the very brink of the final abyss."

"What abyss?"

"The one where you're faced with just one question: 'To be or not to be?'"

"That's only for fainthearts like Hamlet. Excuse me, but the time has come for me to go. They're already preparing the foil..."

"What's foil got to do with it?" I asked, not knowing yet that it would be the last question in this interview.

"The fact is that they're serving me up for dinner to General Goosestep. A goose leg is especially good when cooked in foil..."

The thought that General Goosestep was fond not only of goose gave me gooseflesh.

“WHERE HAS CLIO BEEN LOOKING?”

Zeus caught hold of a damp cloud passing over Olympus and wiped his face.

Things had been piling up one after another since early morning. Ares, the god of war, had asked him to ring NATO headquarters. The day before American fighter planes had only by a miracle, in the airspace over Aegean, missed killing the eagle which Zeus had sent to peck out Prometheus's liver. From Crete had come a request to send a couple of flashes of lightning to a left-wing demonstration protesting against the deployment of US nuclear missiles on the island.

“What else?” Zeus asked Mercury, the god in charge of protocol.

“The American General Scott Coffin, hasty reaction forces commander, seeks an audience.”

“This is getting to be a habit. . . Well, call him in.”

A helicopter bearing the distinguishing marks of the US Air Force hovered above the alpine meadow, bending bushes with powerful streams of air. Nymphs and fauns, frolicking in Elysian groves, scattered helter-skelter. General Coffin advanced with ceremonial step towards Zeus, his hand raised to his cap.

“Permission to report, my lord Zeus! I have

to notify you of an order of the Pentagon..."

"At ease, at ease!" with a charitable gesture of the divine hand Zeus cut short the report. "You may speak freely. If there are any listening devices up here they've been installed by your colleagues from the CIA."

"I have a directive to set up on Olympus a more important piece of apparatus than those eavesdropping bugs, and to prepare the site urgently."

"You mean a golf course? Jolly good! At last! I recall General Eisenhower..."

"A site for Cruise missiles, sir."

"I've plenty of my own missiles, my arrows."

"The Pentagon's view is that yours are hopelessly out of date. We'll provide you with nuclear tips. In place of an eagle you'll have a Pershing rocket. It would smash Prometheus to smithereens. It doesn't look as if you've got a concrete bunker here..."

"We're quite satisfied with our groves and grottoes."

"They won't save you from the impending threat."

"Who will dare threaten Olympus?"

"Russian terrorists. Surely you learnt some history at school?"

"I did not study history, I made it."

"You didn't do it very well. Excuse me for my frankness, sir, but I'm a soldier."

"Maybe Clio's got something mixed up? Such a serious goddess..."

"I don't know where Clio's been looking but you, sir, must re-read *A Short History of Greece*, published in London by Mutini and Co., Ltd. It was written by Foster and revamped by Dulles.

No need to read it all. It's enough to look through pages 7, 8, and 9 of the third edition to become convinced that the history of Greece is the history of Russian international terrorism. It's our duty to save you from that terrorism. With nuclear weapons."

"The Greeks condemn nuclear weapons. Their voices rise right to Mount Olympus."

"I have proof that the Russians were the first to site atomic weapons in Greece. On the island of Corfu I saw by the castle wall a cannon made in the Russian Demidov Works. By the side of it were two cannon balls, brought to Greece about a century and a half ago. Now everyone knows that cannon balls are made up of atoms!"

"But what's all that got to do with terrorism? The Russians were helping the Greeks to fight for freedom."

"You have evidently not read the White House statements."

"No, I must confess that *Olympic News* hasn't been published for three days now. The printers are on strike."

"Then it's understandable why you don't know that Russia is the source of international terrorism."

"Have you any facts?"

"A whole stack of them. Higher than your Olympus. Take 1770, for instance. A few Red historians may shout that this was a Peloponnesian liberation uprising. As a matter of fact, Count Grigory Orlov, favourite terrorist of Catherine the Great, in April that year sent a fleet to the shores of Lakonia. And who do you think rose against the regime?"

"Who?"

"The Kleftes. They were the first terrorists, trained by Russia in Greece! They hid in the mountains. An old trick. But that was just the beginning!"

"And then what?"

"Then there was more! The Russians started to perfect their subversive work. They started training terrorists for Greece on their own territory. In 1814 they set up a secret terrorist organisation in Odessa under the code name 'Filiki Eteria'. Members of this society openly called themselves agents of an Unknown Power which would free them from the foreign yoke. And we know very well which power they had in mind!"

"You don't mean Russia?"

"Yes. Who do you think Alexander Ipsilanti was?"

"A Greek freedom fighter."

"Ha-ha-ha! He was a Russian army officer."

"But after all, the Englishmen Richard Church and Lord Cochrane also landed in Greece..."

"When NATO allies are landed, sir, that's a different matter. By the way, there's still the possibility that they were Russian agents."

"Englishmen?"

"Why are you so surprised, sir? The Russians like to use the English as their agents, specifically in Greece. Remember Byron!"

"What, the poet?"

"He was just as much a poet as I am a ballerina. A typical Russian terrorist. In *The Condition of the Working Class in England*, Frederick Engels gave the game away about Byron's links with the Communists. The leader of the Reds praised Byron for his action in defence of those revolutionaries and terrorists, the Luddites,

who broke up the machines. You can read it for yourself—Vol. 2, *Works of Karl Marx and Frederick Engels*.”

“Those authors mentioned me, too...”

“So far I haven’t read your dossier, but it’s in our queue. But as regards George Byron, he was also Noel, and he was also Gordon... You see how many aliases he had to cover up his tracks? In 1814 he wrote *The Corsair*. The meaning of that word is ‘terrorist’. The poem was obviously written on the Russians’ orders. The Russian text was discovered in St. Petersburg in 1825. It was a guide for terrorists.”

“But writing is not terrorist activity.”

“It’s no use your pleading his case. Look at what he wrote. What about his subversive poem *The Prisoner of Chillon*? Doesn’t it defend the terrorist chained to a stone pillar? That’s like defending Prometheus. I have proof that is irrefutable.”

“What is it?”

“The Russians put Byron into Italy. In 1821 he went into action in Pisa. Italy always was a jumping-off ground for Russian terrorists. He underwent special training there under Russian instructors pretending to be artists, and then, in July 1823, he penetrated into Greece.”

“Yes! He took part in the Greeks’ national-liberation struggle... In December he commanded a detachment...”

“A detachment of terrorists, sir! National-liberation movement and international terrorism are one and the same thing. Haven’t you read the White House instructions? They were sent to all our allies in NATO.”

“Nevertheless, Byron was a member of the En-

glish House of Lords. Lord also means 'god' in English, doesn't it."

"He infiltrated into the House of Lords. He needed the title of 'god' so that he could penetrate to Olympus. If you don't like the example of the Englishman, how could you object to a real Russian agent, who is written about in all the history books. Even Greek ones."

"Who is that?"

"Capodistria! In 1809 the Russians recruited him in Vienna, where he was working as an attaché at the Russian embassy. He was quite a valuable agent. He was given the title of Count, and rewarded with the name of Ivan. Ivan Capodistria rose to become Minister of Foreign Affairs. What price the House of Lords! When he was finally ready for international terrorism the Russians put him into Greece, in 1827. As President."

"And what do the Russians say?"

"They try to dissociate themselves from the whole thing. There's a statement signed by Russian army officer Mikhail Lermontov: 'No, I am not. . . Byron. I am another persecuted wanderer.' A persecuted wanderer—that means an international terrorist. They wander from one place to another."

"Well, I think you've convinced me. Hey, Mercury, please summon the Goddess of History."

"I am here, Thunderer," Clio said, bowing to Zeus.

"Why did you not reveal to me facts of history demonstrating that it was essential to deploy American missiles on Mount Olympus?"

"Because I had no wish to see you go down in history as a fool, O great Zeus!"

PRICE LIST FOR THE MARINES

This country's real trouble, and no mistake!

The Greeks simply refuse to understand the Americans.

But the White House is also to blame. Now and then, in US Congress, an incorruptible predator rises from his armchair, a just hawk from among the number of not-yet-compromised senators, and pecks at the sluggish Administration: "What, have your arguments run out?"

But you can't catch today's Administration with a bare beak: "No," they'll reply, "we've as many arguments as you could wish for. And very weighty ones!"

"With a displacement of 100,000 tonnes!" the Pentagon prompts.

And over the waters of Piraeus harbour, as smooth as a seascape by Sudkovsky, rises the nuclear fist of the Sixth Fleet. The aircraft carrier *Dwight Eisenhower* was honouring Greece with a friendly incursion on Independence Day: "Now just you start carrying posters in the streets with 'Down With US Bases' on them!"

The sea looks as if it was ironed smooth by the giant aircraft carrier. Waves and the crashing of surf only exist in the notebooks of journalists getting together reports of the festive demonstra-

tion. The *Dwight Eisenhower* has ousted a peaceful fishing scene from the gold frame of mountains and sea, and given the picture the aspect of a battle painting. It is reflected in the bay like fish in aspic, its long-range guns staring at Athens like the blank sockets of a skull...

Gloomy, heavy—frankly speaking, megaton-weight—thoughts were evoked by the presence of the American visitor.

Every guest, bidden or unbidden, has one splendid characteristic—he goes away. But the *Dwight Eisenhower*, it seemed, was not even preparing to depart.

It stayed there for three days.

Four...

Five...

The sight has scared everyone who needed to be scared. It could have left. But it had not.

Felix Kiriafos, correspondent of the *Athenian*, rang the aircraft carrier. John Sheetwater, the officer on watch, picked up the receiver.

"When will you be weighing anchor?" the journalist asked, showing off his knowledge of marine terminology.

"Not for another ten days, at least. We can't go without our cook."

"What's happened to your cook? Is he sick, in hospital?"

"Well, he'd only land in hospital if in a fit of absentmindedness he tasted his own soup," Sheetwater joked gloomily. "He's in jail. Your cops have put him away for ten days."

"A fight? Thieving? Drugs? Robbing a taxi-driver?" Felix fired off the stock range of peccadilloes in which American GIs are liable to indulge on Greek shores.

"No, a silly trifle. He tore down the Greek flag in the square, threw it in the dirt and trampled on it. They were on him with incredible speed. Another five minutes, and no one would have known that the filthy, tattered rag was a flag. But the Sixth Fleet didn't grudge money for a lawyer."

"A Greek lawyer?"

"No, American. He made a name for himself in the trials of our guys who came before the courts, accused of crimes in Vietnam. The old fox got affidavits from psychiatrists and proved that the American soldiers were in the category of 'not responsible for their actions', the army having cultivated stupidity and idiotism in them. They were ready to commit any heinous deed, sincerely believing it to be a manifestation of patriotism."

"And what did the cook himself say?"

"This dirty kettle of fish almost spoilt the whole affair. He assured the court that the only striped flag that had a right to flutter over the world was that of the United States. At this point the judge began to get excited and I thought he would strike the cook with his gavel, but..."

"The lawyer intervened?"

"That's right. He read out some official utterances made by four-star General Haig. Well, it was almost word for word what the cook had said. That saved the poor devil, and he got ten days. But the Sixth Fleet is grateful to the cook."

"For what?"

"For the fact that the *Dwight Eisenhower* had the chance to carry out its important mission for

ten more days. The ship couldn't leave if a member of the crew were left ashore."

"Mr. Sheetwater, I think I understand what the US fleet needs. . ."

"What on earth could we need? Allocations for the fleet have been doubled, we've received our slice of the cake."

"You should have a price list for the marines. A complete list of crimes committed by American soldiers who go ashore. Each one should take his list when he goes on leave and then he'll know what he is in for. He tramples on the national flag. . ."

"And gets ten days!"

"Robs a taxi-driver of his takings—five days. Hits a policeman on the head with a transistor radio—three days. Spits a member of parliament in the face—15 days. Sells drugs to teenagers—three months. Robs a jeweller's—two months. Steals an ikon of St. Spiridon from a church—one month."

"Excellent idea. I'll get off a report to the Commander of Naval Forces straightaway. It would also come in useful for the Army and Air Force. But there's just one weak point in your proposal."

"What's that?"

"You must add a couple of serious crimes that would get one life imprisonment."

"What for?"

"So that US ships could stay in any port for as long as they wanted."

THE GENERALS OF ONOMASTICS

It's a long time since there was a leak of information from the Pentagon.

The *Washington Hush* newspaper was already losing readers. Editorial pessimists decided that after plans for chemical and bacteriological warfare were exposed there were no more secrets whatever left up the generals' sleeves.

Time showed that the pessimists were all wrong.

One windy day I was walking along the banks of the Potomac River when a gust of wind ripped off my hat. Immediately, acting on instinct, a dog jumped into the water and retrieved it. I noticed a strange piece of paper stuck to my headgear. It appeared to have the attributes of a goose, for it emerged from the water absolutely dry. I shook it out and saw that it was a shorthand record of a meeting of the Pentagon's Operations Department.

Out of a sense of solidarity with my fellow journalists into whose skyscraper building the spectral eye of unemployment was already gazing, I am publishing this record. I have cut it in a few places because the vernacular of the US generals might hurt the journalists' ears.

The right of publication is the sole prerogative of the *Washington Hush*.

Pentagon

37th year of the Atom Bomb

TOP SECRET

To be swallowed after reading

STENOGRAM OF A MEETING

Agenda: Measures to counter anti-war movement in Europe.

Present: General Dick Parshing, General Billy Grabley Jr., Admiral Phil Mockphilphy and stenographer Sergeant June Glee of the Auxiliary Women's Quick Reaction Force.

Parshing: Ladies and Gentlemen!

Mockphilphy: There aren't any ladies here, Dick.

June: And even fewer gentlemen...

Parshing: O.K., Phil. It's the accepted thing. So, first of all we have to find a code name for the operation to fight the anti-war movement. Any suggestions?

Grabley: I propose that this meeting be conducted in the Potomac River. Since even in the White House every room turns out to be stuffed with bugs, I have no faith in the Pentagon's invulnerability.

June: Sir, I haven't a swimsuit!

Parshing: Forget the swimsuit, sergeant. We're not going to laze on the beach but to work. Take a packet of waterproof paper.

Mockphilphy: I can't swim.

Parshing: Sergeant, phone the Naval Supplies Board. Get them to bring a life jacket.

Mockphilphy: (garbled group).

Parshing: Generals! You must stand in such a way that only your ears protrude from the water. Permission is given for mouths to be raised only by those who at that moment are speaking.

Mockphilphy: Glug-glug-glug (garbled group follows).

Grabley: Before giving the operation a code name, sir, we must get to the bottom of the reason for the anti-war movement in Europe. The fact is that it is of an open anti-American character.

Mockphilphy: The glug-glug-guilty ones are the Bolsheviks. The peace movement was invented by the Communists and various socialist blab-blabbbers.

Grabley: Don't keep on so, Phil. You aren't at a meeting of the International Communication Agency. They're in the habit of blaming everything on Communists and Russian agents. But almost all NATO's former generals are taking part in the anti-war movement.

Parshing: Bill's right. That story put out by the United States Information Agency about the Communists cost us dear. It ended in us admitting officially that the Communists' aim is peace. It follows that we're taking action against the Communists because they're fighting for peace. So it's become clear to everyone that our aim's the preparation of war.

Grabley: Now that's really speaking the truth, Dick! Wherever you go in Europe you haven't a hope of avoiding slogans like "Down with US war bases!", "Quick Reaction Force Out!",

"Down with Pershings!", and "No to the Neutron Bomb!"

Mockphilphy: Blub-blub-blood-letting's what we need. Machine guns at every demonstration. . .

Parshing: I'm not against machine guns, but I feel our terminology jars on the Europeans. We use nothing but military and aggressive terms. Now and again we must insert into our vocabulary the word "peace". We must change our terminology, and then the Communists won't have a single slogan they can seduce those European "peaceniks" with.

June: That's called onomastics, sir.

Grabley: Does that have to do with cosmetics or detergents? It certainly is time to clean up our terminology.

June: Onomastics, sir, is a branch of linguistics concerned with the use of proper names and terminology. . . A Greek word.

Parshing: Onomastics! Great! The Regulations recommend using the Greek language. Remember how we called the Mediterranean manoeuvres "Trident"?

Mockphilphy: No, those were called after the submarine. They certainly glung-glung-flung a scare into everybody.

Parshing: Well, and what about the Pentagon? That's the most Greek kind of word you can get. I couldn't tell you, I confess, what it means. Some sort of poison gas, probably. . .

June: No, it means a five-sided figure, sir. I learnt it at college.

Parshing: I don't know, I don't know. Although I've had something to do with colleges in my time. I once took over the university campus at Berkeley and dispersed the students.

They were long-haired protesters against the war in Vietnam.

Grabley: Let's stop this idle chatter. I've already got goosepimples.

Parshing: Thank God the guys from the Board for Chemical Warfare are not releasing their waste into the Potomac. Otherwise there wouldn't even be one pimple left of you by now. But you're right, we're letting our tongues run away with us.

Mockphilphy: Idle chat-chat-chatter is right (garbled group follows).

Parshing: We're going over to concrete proposals for changing terminology. That is, to onomastics. Ha-ha! The lands from the Naval Board have named their new aircraft carrier "The Body of Christ". I think that's precisely onomastics. In the future all naval ships should be given the names of martyred saints. You can always find something appropriate in the Bible.

Grabley: For example, "Noah's Ark" for assault landing craft.

Parshing: That's true, dammit. But what should we call chemical weapons?

Grabley: Fertiliser, sir! Or, perhaps, "Night dew". . .

Parshing: And the Cruise missile?

Grabley: "The dove"! And nerve gas—"soporific". And for the rapid reaction forces there's a name that would do very well—"tourists".

Parshing: Great, great! We'll call an invasion an excursion. Intelligence will become sightseeing, and a nuclear missile with nine warheads will be. . .

Grabley: The hydra of Lerna! She has exactly nine heads.

Parshing: Hydra won't do. The Europeans might be scared by the name. Isn't there some flower with nine petals?

June: The double lilac, sir! But the daisy has even more!

Parshing: The more the merrier. We'll increase the might of our missiles. The daisy will do for us. The military-industrial complex will be delighted.

Grabley: And what shall we call the destruction of the enemy's manpower? I've just come across the word "liquidation" in the memoirs of an SS general. . .

Parshing: No, that won't do. Business is touchy about that word. . .

Grabley: Then what about "action"? That's in the book, too.

Parshing: Bravo, Bill! Couldn't have anything better. The military-industrial complex will be pleased with us. Especially since they pride themselves on being men of action. Ha-ha! And now for the name of our own operation, this one. Since we thought it up in the water, the code name will be Triton, especially as there are three of us.

June: There are two of you, sir!

Grabley: And where the hell's Mockphilphy? He was burbling on here only a minute ago. . . So what are we going to do about the code name? Diton? Biton? Zweiton? . . .

Parshing: To hell with that Mockphilphy! We'll leave it "Triton". We'll count June in.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN ATHENS

The most terrible thing about this spine-chilling story is that there is not a word of untruth in it. It is so authentic that even the Athens newspaper *Necropolis* would print it without a pang of conscience, without damage to its reputation or fear of being accused of libel.

There was plenty of snow in Athens that year. Liarnidis, diplomatic editor of the *Necropolis*, strode out boldly through the snowdrifts, contemptuous of the threat from the North. He wore fur hunters' boots—a Christmas gift from the commander of NATO's northern flank. He was near the newspaper offices when, by force of habit, he glanced up at the window of the paper's director's office. He froze in astonishment. The window opened silently and out flew a woman astride a broomstick, holding in her hands a bundle of newspapers fresh from the press. With a cosmic whistle the mysterious rider vanished into the starry sky. "So the distributors are on strike again," Liarnidis deduced. He could find no other explanation for this strange phenomenon.

In the director's room a meeting was in progress on the "Red menace".

"Do you know," the director asked, casting an ominous glance at his experts, "that some character called Jason signed an agreement with the Russians and prepared to sail on the *Argo* to Colchis in search of the Golden Fleece? Liarnidis, just have a look and see whether there's a Red spy under the table. What I am now going to say is top secret. Jason's action threatens to weaken NATO's defences. It has a peaceful character and may corrupt the professional soldiers aboard the *Argo*. Information has been received that under the influence of Communist propaganda the lame smith Hephaistos has beaten a sword into a ploughshare. If we don't put a stop to that, who knows, he might beat a medium-range missile into a chamber pot."

The director's statement was such a resounding success that one inexperienced member of the staff fell under the table, laughing. They suppressed him rather harshly. . .

"Our friends across the ocean are worried," the director continued. "They are prepared to help and have sent us information about the Golden Fleece which has been obtained by electronic intelligence. Since they lost their military base on the border of Colchis the information is a little bit outdated, but it still has practical value. For several centuries the Golden Fleece was kept in the grove of Ares, god of war, and was guarded by a ferocious dragon. Now this grove is an amusement park for collective farmers. The dragon works as director of the local restaurant, and the fleece has been handed over to a museum. It's in the Greek Hall."

"Is there a large guard there?" Liarnidis asked.

"A ferocious watchman clad in a uniform made of fine fleece sheepskin."

"How much money would be required to bribe the watchman?"

"Our friends put that question to the electronic brain. It replied that it would need further data."

"Such as?"

"Is the watchman a member of the US Congress?"

"Everything's clear, sir. The idea of bribery is out. Who's the moving spirit in this *Argo* expedition?"

"The Cultural Attaché of the Soviet Embassy. He proposed that a joint film be made, called *The Golden Fleece*."

"What a treacherous scheme! I know that man. A very dangerous agent. He's doing his damndest all the time to get Soviet troops into Greece, under cover of cultural exchange. He's already dragged in a battalion of Red Army men in the guise of a song-and-dance ensemble and two infantry companies disguised as guards of Peter the Great. You remember how they fired their cannon near the walls of the Acropolis? And the division of Leningrad Hussars in Piraeus, which the Cultural Attaché tried to present as girls from the variety stage! Give me space for 200 lines and tomorrow our worthy readers will be throwing stones at this attaché."

"He's no longer in Athens. He's finished his tour of duty and gone home."

"Fine! I'll say in my article that he's been expelled for subversive activity."

"O.K., I'll give you 200 lines. Are there any other ideas wrecking the *Argo* expedition?"

A man rose from a gloomy corner. He was wearing dark glasses and a cloak and held a dagger in a hairy hand.

"I, sir, am in constant contact with the special services of our friends. The lads from the department for eliminating foreign agents have devised two possibilities. We might cut off Jason's beard. He would lose his authority among the Greeks forming the crew, and the expedition would be foiled. It's very simple. We just send him the gear for under-water hunting..."

"But Jason hasn't got a beard."

"Then there's the fall-back plan. We rob him of his teeth. That's very simple. Under the pretext of supplying the expedition they send a case of Den-Tol toothpaste, which has previously been irradiated with free neutrons..."

"It won't do. First of all, the Den-Tol company doesn't have any free neutrons. They were all handed over for the production of the neutron bomb. Second, we have no right to compromise the products of this company—it finances this newspaper."

"Sir," Liarnidis leapt to his feet. "I have a brilliant idea! Just as our colleague was talking about eliminating foreign agents, it struck me like a flash of lightning. I realised immediately what we had to write about. The Cultural Attaché of the Soviet Embassy intended to wipe out political figures in Greece. Only who?"

"Write that it's all the Ministers!"

"Yes, but then the Opposition will kick up a terrible fuss! You know how touchy they are. Not one political figure will forgive us if we don't say that the Cultural Attaché wanted to

murder him. That would mean that no one needed him!"

"Say it's the entire Opposition."

"For heaven's sake, don't let us forget anyone..."

"O.K. Now here's the telephone directory! Write them all down in order."

"But there are two million names here. Not even our readers will believe that the Cultural Attaché of the USSR Embassy could shoot that many people."

"No problem! We shall say that he created terrorist organisations from among the left-wing youth in all towns in Greece. There's just one snag—the Cultural Attaché has already left..."

"Sir, *cherchez la femme!*"

"Meaning?"

"That we have no drag in a woman. Our readers love it when a woman's involved. I'll write that the Cultural Attaché has left in his place a very capable woman."

"Have you seen such a woman?"

"Yes, just half an hour ago. She flew out of your window on a broomstick."

* * *

The woman on the broomstick cut through the Milky Way, turned towards the constellation Scorpio and was immediately engulfed by a black hole.

In Hades a meeting of the United Committee of Boiler Chiefs was in progress. They were deciding the question of who was to receive the Christmas literary prize named after Dr. Joseph Goebbels.

"All in favour of the Goebbels Prize this year being awarded to Axel Springer," said the Chairman, Mephistopheles, "raise a hoof."

"Dragging in a compatriot," Beelzebub muttered, disgruntled. At that moment came a coded knock at the door.

"And here's Brunhild," Mephistopheles exclaimed. "What's new on Earth?"

The woman placed her broom neatly in the corner and held out a bundle of newspapers to the devil.

"The latest issue of the Athens *Necropolis*. Astounding slanders! Liarnidis, well known to you, writes about the Soviet Cultural Attaché. It even makes a bald devil's hair stand on end!"

"He gets the prize! He gets the prize!" the satanic assemblage chorused in unison.

"Ask Dr. Goebbels himself. Where is he?"

"In room 45, licking a red-hot frying pan."

Within a minute the messenger returned.

"Dr. Goebbels is delighted with our choice. He even made a suggestion for the more rational use of resources."

"What was it?"

"To heat the boilers of hell with files of the Athens *Necropolis*."

A SHOT IN FORT BLOOD

The world would have remained for a long time in ignorance of total espionage had General Eimortland not shot Major Tompkins.

This at first glance commonplace story is set in Fort Blood, Maryland, where units of US Army technical intelligence are based. On that day Tompkins was on duty in the kitchen and came to report that the artichokes were now ready.

General Eimortland did not like foreign words in general. So at first people thought he had finished the major off because of the word "artichoke", which seemed to him too intellectual.

"No," said the General. "I did it because he was chewing gum."

John Eimortland was a veteran of Korea and Vietnam, and the inventor of carpet bombing. People were beginning to forget him, but now he once again became a national hero. He pushed all other news off the front pages. For two days news of drug peddlers caught red-handed, police officers exposed as bribe-takers, and senators speaking in favour of allocations for the neutron bomb was consigned to the back pages along with reports on striking

dockers and private adverts for the hire of lawnmowers and the sale of pedigree dogs.

The papers made the most of Eimortland's soldierly directness. Some with passion even declared that this man might have become a Methodist preacher had he not devoted himself to a military career. One episode from the General's life was ordered by a state governor to be included in all school readers. When Eimortland was a small boy he had in a fit of curiosity poisoned the fish in the aquarium of his fierce-tempered father.

"Who poisoned the fish?" John senior demanded sternly. "Me, dad," John junior replied. "I did this because they were red!"

Nick Shorroch, reporter on the *New York Lies*, proved to be the only journalist to get to the truth about that fatal shot in Fort Blood. He sought out the General in a jail for privileged prisoners in Montgomery. The General clambered out of a sea-water pool, where he had been playing ball with his secretary and some Watergate veterans, and invited the reporter to share the bottle of champagne cooling in a silver bucket.

"Yes, I bumped him because he was chewing gum," the General confirmed with a meaningful glance in the journalist's direction.

Nick pretended that he had no gum in his mouth. But he could have sworn that the General was aiming the bottle straight at his forehead. The cork popped out with a loud report, and Nick swallowed his chewing gum. "It was the devil himself that made me pick menthol-flavoured," he thought. "I should have got a packet of Grisleys."

"Not Grisleys," the General said. "It was precisely what killed the wretched major."

As a result of a chat in a striped tent in the grounds of the villa-jail the following article appeared in the *New York Lies*.

[Washington.] ...In the mid-sixties Soviet intelligence agents began to appear at meetings on the introduction of computer technology for the production of chewing gum at the Grisley company's factories.

The Russians claimed that they wanted to use computers in manufacturing industries. But US intelligence experts saw a sinister motive in this—the intention to equip an electronic spying system with those computers.

Computers are the secret weapon of espionage. They can devise virtually insoluble equations, and are able to work out complex combinations of figures with cosmic speed.

"The National Security Agency," I was told by General Eimortland, "is a gigantic, highly secret organisation based in Fort Blood, north of Washington. It is engaged in the collection of information by electronic means. Throughout the world we Americans have listening posts such as the ill-fated ship *Pueblo*, which was seized by North Korean gunboats off the coast of that country in 1968. These listening posts pick up and record all kinds of information transmitted by radio by the Soviet block countries,

and also by more friendly countries.

"Three suspicious phrases picked up by our agents by means of satellites passing over the Soviet Union, attracted the interest of the National Security Agency. 'We have to chew the matter over,' the manager of a large Siberian factory said on the phone. The second phrase in the list was from a conversation between two fishing trawlers in the Atlantic. It ran like this: 'Eat mushroom pie, and keep your mouth shut.' The third phrase was especially sinister. This was picked up from a secret transmission by Moscow radio: 'Chew your grouse, your last day is coming, bourgeois!' Our decoders came to the conclusion that these words contained a call to Russian agents to liquidate the influential Senator Grouse, who energetically opposes trade in strategic goods with the East.

"It was immediately clear why the Russians were interested in the Grisley company, which produces chewing gum.

"Take note," the General said, "of the thoughtful look on the face of a cow, a camel or a sheep when they are chewing. The processes of chewing and thinking merge into one. It is sufficient to equip a piece of chewing gum with a special electronic device to be able to read the thoughts of a person who is chewing.

· “To begin with the Russians had success with this device. Before long, however, they came up against unforeseen difficulties—no one talks as much as our politicians and generals. So then they immediately began trying to get their hands on our computer technology. We made a brilliant move. We banned gum-chewing among employees of federal agencies.”

The General drew my attention to the fact that today it is impossible to find a single state employee or eminent businessman in the USA who chews gum. “You know, of course, that the only people who chew gum in America are teenagers, Negroes, football players and commercial travellers. Also Russians visiting the USA. They do this to confuse the National Security Agency. We’ve banned gum chewing in the Army for ranks of sergeant and above. In this respect GIs are not a danger to us. It’s already well known what they think about, whether they’re looking through *Playboy* or staring at a pile of bricks.”

I saw why General Eimortland had shot Major Tompkins.

“But, General,” I asked, “couldn’t you have simply put him in the guard-room since it was the first time? Or sent him to serve in South Korea?”

“No way,” John Eimortland said. “At that very moment a Russian sputnik was passing overhead.”

WHAT IF BELGIUM ATTACKS THE USSR ON A THURSDAY MORNING?

Now I look through the newspaper *Faker Belgique* first, as soon as I get to work. I could begin with some other paper, but I prefer sensation stuff. The *Faker Belgique* hasn't let me down once.

Take today. Like a ton of bricks, the paper hit out with the headline: "What if the Russians Attack Belgium on a Friday Night?" What a bold thought! On a Friday night! Everyone knows, the rascals, that not one man would exchange his Friday night for any blessing. Even for war with Belgium. Who'd give up such a night, which is supposed to be spent drinking with one's friends?

The nervous need not read it, but for me this article was like an alibi. Imagine this scene. All Friday night I spend at a stag party. Next morning I restore my shattered health in a bar, then I drag myself home in time for dinner. Upon seeing my stubble and generally dishevelled state my wife, quite naturally, reaches for the rolling pin.

I ward off the first blow with the *Faker Belgique*, folded in four. The second swipe fades mid-air, for I have managed to explain that I have just got back from a campaign in

Belgium, which had begun on Friday night.

All the same, the wretched thought keeps nagging me: Why did it have to be Friday night?

For an answer I turned to the well-known expert on the "Russian threat", General Gloz.

Although the General was frightfully busy—compiling a new catalogue of his well-known collection of skulls and bludgeons—he kindly agreed to give me an explanation.

"You see," he said, leaning on a stone axe (Neolithic, inventory No. 007), "a Friday in Belgium is the start of the weekend. After doing the shopping—and usually we buy enough food for a week, it's cheaper that way—people go off to the beer halls. The entire family. Beer's a national drink with us. Even the children drink it. The streets are deserted, and Russian tanks wouldn't have any trouble occupying an entire city without a single shot."

"That would be terrible..."

"Wouldn't it just! Imagine, you haven't yet finished your beer, and now you've got to get up and go out to fight. True, there's one advantage: you could nip off without paying..."

"Tell me, General, which day would you pick to attack Russia?"

"You're in luck. General Schweinhoff is about to visit me. He's a former Luftwaffe inspector. As it happens we've just been entrusted with working out a plan for attacking Russia. Today we're deciding on the day of the week. Believe me, it's not an easy task."

The door opened wide, and General Schweinhoff goose-stepped in. He sat down in the armchair without an invitation, removed his service cap and put it over one of the exhibits in the collection—the skull of a Neanderthal man (Neolithic, inventory No. 1933).

All Luftwaffe generals know a little French. Schweinhoff did. He had bombed refugees on the Brussels-Liège road and played a part in the taking of Paris.

“Mon lieber Herr... pardon, M. Gloz, I propose, as the Russians say, to take the bull by the tail and attack them on a Monday.”

Like all NATO generals, Gloz knew a little German, so he answered thus:

“Mein cher general, allow me to consult the handbook.”

General Gloz picked up a phrasebook “NATO—Russian. Aid for Those Embarking on Aggression” (1st Edition—1949, latest, revised—1984).

“Monday, Mon... Mon...” he mumbled. “Here we are! ‘Monday—a heavy day’.”

“What do they mean by ‘heavy’?” Schweinhoff asked.

“Ein moment, my colleague. Ein moment... So... where’s heavy? Aha! Heavy artillery, heavy tanks, heavy water, heavy ballistic missile...”

“I withdraw my proposal,” Schweinhoff said, shaking his head. “On Monday they’ll have a clear superiority in weapons. But what do you think of Sunday?”

“No, it won’t do,” Gloz cut him short. “We’re not going to repeat the mistake of your Führer.”

"You're right," the Luftwaffe ex-inspector said, absent-mindedly playing with his monocle and trying to insert it into the eyesocket of skull No. 1945. "We'll have to go for them on a Wednesday."

"Jawohl! But on the other hand—not jawohl," Gloz said with a shrug. "No... Wednesday's bang in the middle of the week. Too middling, neither here nor there. It won't do."

"Saturday—that's the day that'll bring glory to our arms," Schweinhoff barked, and even leapt to his feet.

"Well, what does our reference book say? Saturday—traditionally bathday in Russia... Won't do: we can easily wind up in hot water..."

"That leaves Tuesday," Gloz said, with a certain air of doom. It was not difficult to understand his feelings. With his poor knowledge of history, Gloz thought that it had been on a Tuesday that Napoleon had attacked Russia, and he conveyed this to Schweinhoff.

"What about Friday?" the latter enquired.

"Friday's awkward. We've already announced to the whole world that on Friday the Russians are going to attack Belgium."

"But we've forgotten about Thursday!"

"Magnificent! From the strategic point of view—simply superb. We'll be a whole day ahead of the Russians..."

"But do they know that their day's Friday?"

"That's their business. They have their problems, we have ours."

A NEUTRON BOMB "FOR BLACKS ONLY"

"In the Pentagon half the employees are named Brown, Browne or Braun. Even the Defence Secretary. The fact that these names mean a particular colour is sheer coincidence."

From the American press

That year the Forestall Memorial tournament was held in Fort Mead, Maryland. These traditional army competitions were graced by a noteworthy record. General Brown threw himself from the 27th floor and managed to shout the obligatory phrase "The Russians are coming!" fifteen times. The former record (19th floor, seven shouts) belonged to that darling of the Pentagon, Lieutenant Kegley.

Brown could have shouted out sixteen times, but on the seventh floor he caught his foot in a carpet being shaken out of the window by an employee of the Department of Neutron Research. The employee did not even know that it was his own chief sailing past.

The General landed on his head, breaking up the asphalt over a radius of 10 metres. That was another record for the infantry, the previous one having been five. First aid was sent for. It took them only a couple of minutes to patch up the asphalt.

That evening the Defence Department gave a banquet in honour of the winners. General Brown was the centre of attention. The President of the Congress Military Commission awarded him the Purple Head medal.

It took me a long time to get to the General. He was surrounded by a flock of girls from Hollywood, who just had to feel his head. At last he noticed me, escaped from encirclement for an instant and managed to call out: "I'm giving a press conference tomorrow."

It was difficult to get into the press conferences held once a week by the Department of Neutron Research. The General's invitation was gratifying.

I arrived at the neutron weapons testing ground, which had been selected as the venue for the meeting with the press, after questions had started. The General parried them with the dexterity of a professional tennis player.

"General, aren't you worried about Admiral Turner's intention to publish 5,000 secret CIA documents?"

"I never did like those Navy chaps. But I'm not afraid of them. They're publishing stuff that's old hat. They don't know anything about our latest research."

"How did you manage to find out that neutron bombs only kill people and leave objects intact?"

"First we tried it out on monkeys on a treadmill. When the radiation dose was increased they lost interest in turning the wheel, and subsequently gave up the ghost."

"Ghost?"

"It just slipped out. And we had to give up the experiment soon after."

"Your allocations for neutron bomb testing were cut?"

"No, the SPCA got to hear about the monkeys. They made such a racket that we had to give way."

"How have you got out of the situation?"

"The guys at the CIA have been helping us. They've been studying the effects of narcotics and chemical substances on the human organism. They get as many people as they want from prisons. They had the entertaining idea of programming people's behaviour."

"Why?"

"God only knows! They were sold the idea by two professors—one named—ha-ha!—Braun, who worked in the SS at Auschwitz and Maidanek."

"What did you do with the people you had for experiments?"

"We took 500 people from the guys at Langley. On orders from the Pentagon Hollywood's Paramount built us a model of Paris—with the Louvre and Montmartre. It turned out splendidly. We stuffed the Louvre with prisoners, putting some of the prisoners in tourists' gear and filling their pockets with dollars and share certificates."

"Why Paris?"

"We needed a European scene. How would a bomb behave in Europe—that's what we were interested in."

"And how did it?"

"Obediently and diligently, like a Sunday school girl. When it exploded in the Louvre,

within half an hour there wasn't a single living thing. But the paintings, they just went on hanging there from the nails on the walls. The people in the paintings were alive. Even nude, ha-ha!"

"What about Montmartre?"

"The same effect! In half an hour the hills were littered with corpses like apples on the grass in an orchard after a hurricane. Scientists determined that the bomb kills even the child in the mother's womb. That was a remarkable discovery."

"What other surprises were there?"

"Well, none. As we had expected, the dollars remained intact. And the share certificates of the Doe Chemical Company were particularly well preserved..."

"General, will you use the neutron bomb only in Europe?"

"I don't like shooting off my mouth, but I'm now going to tell you. The baby will also be employed at home. When our eggheads studied the bodies in the Louvre, we discovered that Negroes die ten minutes earlier than whites. Black skin attracts neutron rays faster and absorbs them in great quantities."

"What's the difference to the dead whether they're black or white?"

"You're right, the difference is to the living. Ha-ha-ha! To us. The eggheads have created a neutron bomb which kills only the blacks."

"So it's like a place on a bus marked 'For blacks only'..."

"That's just it. We've already had an order from South Africa for 500 bombs. In a few days they'll be carrying out test explosions in

special villages into which the darkies are being driven."

"Have we tested the bombs on our own blacks yet?"

"Not specially. But we're thinking of dropping a couple in Harlem next week. Incidentally, the Great Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan has put in an order for a hundred pocket-sized neutron bombs."

"Tell us, General, is the Pentagon continuing work to perfect neutron bombs?"

"I'll say so! We're just mad about this baby of ours. Now we just have to gain a little time to stop the great hooahh the 'doves' are raising. The Department of Psychological Warfare has already prepared several speeches for the President in which he would condemn the new types of bomb. He will deliver them in church in his home state."

"Because there are a lot of blacks there?"

"It's not just a question of blacks. We haven't forgotten about the Reds. The scientists have already devised a variation on the bomb which will only irradiate Commies and other lefties. Union boss George Moony has asked us to slip him a couple of these bombs. He'll toss them from the platform during the All-American Trade Union Congress. He believes he'll be rid of the Reds in one go..."

"Who else have you got in your sights?"

"The students, of course! As soon as the academic year begins, we'll toss some bombs onto the campus of Kent University. We've already cleared it with the university authorities."

"General Brown, isn't the bomb a danger to yourself personally?"

"Don't talk rubbish. In what connection?"

"On your breast you're wearing a Purple Head. That's red in colour."

"Oh hell! I hadn't thought of that!"

"Couldn't the colour of the medal be changed? Say, to yellow?"

"No, anything but yellow! Our scientists are at this very minute working on a new neutron bomb for those with yellow skins."

"And how about brown?"

"Ha-ha-ha! That's just what we need! Today I'm going to ring a Congressman to take this up in the Senate."

A LAUGH-IN AT THE BASE

The US military base on the Greek Island of Crete reverberated with the echoes of a tremendous burst.

A burst of laughter. An equivalent of hundreds of thousands of tonnes of TNT.

"It outdoes hee-hee-hee-Hiroshima!" Phil Grabley managed to splutter in a paroxysm of mirth.

"More powerful than Na-ha-ha-ha-gasaki!" gasped Private Paul W. Swiney, rolling from side to side on his cot.

The US naval base at Suda was fighting a rearguard action against an onslaught of Homeric laughter. Roofs decorated with abstract splurges of camouflage had risen into the air from two of the barracks. That was the way men had laughed four years before when the new US President had declared that he would not lie to the American people.

Second Lieutenant Hope, trying to curb his own convulsions, just managed to squeeze out the words: "That Greek's lost his marbles..."

"He's got bats in the belfry!" Swiney agreed.

"He's plain crazy," Grabley backed him up.

The entire barracks of the first battalion of the marines joined in the search for an ac-

curate diagnosis. From the cots rolled pearls of linguistics which would have brought a blush to the cheek even of a maiden hoping for a career in Hollywood.

After the intervention of the regimental chaplain, who scored a direct hit with his Bible, bringing down Private Swiney from the third tier of cots, the barracks grew quiet. It was generally agreed that the Greek (quoted in the battalion journal) was not quite right upstairs, had a hole in the pigeon loft, was nutty as a fruitcake, had a screw loose, etc., etc.

After a careful analysis of the emergency the base command came to the same conclusion. The Greek's behaviour, which had caused such a commotion, obviously bore the hallmarks of loss of reason.

Judge for yourself.

A Greek journalist had rung the USA's naval base at Suda on the island of Crete and asked for the Greek commander of the base.

"Who?!" duty officer Second Lieutenant Hope did not believe his ears.

"The Greek officer commanding the base..."

"What officer?"

"The Greek officer."

"We haven't any of those. I can call the Greek interpreter or the Greek cleaner. This is a naval base of the United States of America."

"But it's on Greek soil. Some time ago in Athens they said that the base must be commanded by a Greek officer. And that the striped flag of Greece must fly over it."

"Well, the striped flag's already flying over it. Only it's American. As regards an officer..."

Do you know how many US bases there are in Greece? Where would you find that many officers?"

The duty officer flung down the receiver and pressed a button on the intercom.

"General, some Greek is on the phone demanding that the Greek flag fly over the base."

"Nothing to worry about, Lieutenant. Washington considers that we can allow that. I personally have three tankers sailing under the Liberian flag. And where do the dollars go? Into my pocket! And it's good money. It doesn't have a bad smell. Not even of oil."

"But he keeps muttering that we're going to have a Greek commander..."

At that the General broke into peals of laughter:

"Ha-ha-ha! Ho-ho-ho! Hope, tell the boys about it. They haven't had such a good laugh for a long time... Ha-ha-ha!"

The General was the first to laugh, and the rest followed suit.

But he would do well to remember that only he who laughs last laughs longest.

THE PENTAGON BUYS FOOTCLOTHS

When the news came that special military units had been set up in the US Army dressed in Soviet uniform and equipped with Soviet weapons, Walter Gunnraff was in Washington.

This celebrated reporter, renowned for the scandalous exposure of Portuguese General Spínola and the West German Glycerring Concern, had dressed up as a Korean businessman and was attempting to slip a couple of large diamonds to the wives of influential senators.

After receiving a cabled request for a story on that piece of news from the editorial board of the illustrated weekly, *Stern*, Walter Gunnraff decided to infiltrate the Pentagon. With some difficulty he succeeded in doing so.

The head of the Third World War Simulating Department, the gallant veteran of Song Mi, General Bedel Bradley Jr., graciously received Gunnraff in his office. He offered the journalist a cigar and announced himself all set to answer his questions. Outside the window two soldiers in the uniform of a construction battalion were stretching some wire netting.

"What is that precautionary measure being taken against, General?" the journalist asked.

"In the Army we are getting more and more cases of so-called Forestall disease. You will, of course, recall that poor John Forestall jumped from his window when he fancied that Russian tanks were coming. American doctors have diagnosed the Forestall syndrome in one in every three colonels and one in every two generals."

"And yet you consider that a large number of the servicemen don't believe in the reality of a Soviet invasion?"

"Yet. And precisely because of that we are introducing special Russian units. I'm a soldier and I shall not mince words. Our enemy is the Soviet Army. We must constantly bear in mind the Russian threat. With this in view the Pentagon building is to be reconstructed in the form of a five-pointed star, like those on the caps of the Red commissars."

"But, General, if you're going to equip a dozen divisions of the 'Soviet army', you'll need a vast amount of Russian equipment, weapons and ammunition..."

"You've really hit the bull's eye with that one. That's our headache."

"What are the main difficulties that have bedevilled you during the introduction of this new method?"

"The greatest difficulty of all cropped up over footcloths. That's a piece of soft, close-woven material measuring four square feet. Soviet soldiers wrap these round their feet before they put on their boots."

"The first samples of the boots were sent to us by Simon Gantin, military correspondent of the *Intervention Herald Tribune*, from Paris."

He managed to buy them in Tbilisi, where he had gone for an international skiing competition. The Russians nosed that out and it was even reported in the paper *Za Rubezhom*. A specific denial had to be issued. The same correspondent sent us a Soviet officer's belt which has a brass buckle with a five-pointed star. He got the belt from a teenager in exchange for two packets of chewing gum."

"You were telling me something about footcloths..."

"Oh yes. This was a totally mysterious piece of Russian equipment as far as we were concerned. Our soldiers found that without footcloths they rubbed their feet raw after the first ten paces in Russian boots. To this day we have 224,007 privates in hospital with bleeding blisters. They'd been using ordinary nylon socks. The assistant military attaché in Moscow was ordered to discover the secret of the Russian footcloths."

"But surely that was a very dangerous mission. Did he manage it?"

"Just imagine—he did. He followed two Russian soldiers to the Sandunovskie Baths, and as they took off their boots he photographed the entire process with a miniature camera disguised as a button. Left on his own, our attaché photographed the footcloths from both sides and tore off a piece of the material with his teeth. But the most vital thing, he later succeeded in snapping the process of winding the footcloths on. That is very complicated, and we maintain in the Army 127 Russian advisers, former Vlasovites. We had to summon

them from Radio Liberty. The CIA wasn't very pleased, but that time the Army won."

"So that was the end of your difficulties, General?"

"Oh, no. The sample sent from Moscow by our agent was so badly damaged that a sub-unit of American technical intelligence in Fort Mead, Maryland, had to restore it. After studying the photos and other intelligence items our army experts were able to set up the mass production of boots and footcloths...

"Of course, it wasn't easy. The footcloths have to be made of very strong material—the Russians got as far as Berlin in their footcloths. We managed to dig up an old war poster showing a Russian soldier rewinding his footcloths. He was sitting beneath a sign post which read: 'Berlin—1,500 kilometres' and saying: 'Oh, well, what the hell! We'll make it.' We've ordered a million such posters with the inscription: 'Washington D.C.—5,000 miles', and a soldier in Soviet uniform, saying 'We'll make it!' When we get these posters into their warm offices it'll be our Congressmen who really will be scared. You'll see them vote for rises in military expenditure."

"What other measures have you taken to convince the soldiers and the electors of the reality of a Soviet invasion?"

"We've signed a contract with the US Treasury. They've already minted, on the orders of the US army, 500,000 medals inscribed 'For the Taking of Washington' and 'For the Liberation of New York'. The mere sight of a Russian soldier with such a medal on his breast somewhere at Coney Island will

send our most hardened sceptic into a cold sweat."

"What do our European allies think of the American experiment?"

"Our NATO allies will have to go along with our idea. They will also create special 'Soviet' units. Europe will be seething with soldiers in Russian uniform. There'll be no need to prove that Soviet troops in Europe outnumber American. The West's position at the Vienna talks will be strong as a bunker."

"How do you think the United Nations will react to this venture?"

"We'll smooth them over. We've already drawn up a proposal on the non-use of foot-cloths for military purposes and an all-embracing proposal for the general and complete removal of boots—that will confuse the world public. The only people who know of our real aims right now are ourselves."

"Will your experiment have any effect on the programme for troop training?"

"Yes. We've made conditions for training the green beret units at Fort Knox more rigorous. They're being conditioned to severe Russian winters and at night are locked in refrigerators."

"But, General, you have Alaska!"

"Yes, but bear in mind that Russians are continually turning up there—in Polar Bear skins!"

GREEK SCHOOLCHILDREN GIVE THE US PRESIDENT A LESSON

President Ronald Reagan looked at his watch. Five minutes to midnight. He had tried hard to bring the hands ticking away the lifetime on mankind round to this time. Another five minutes, and civilization would know its midnight hour, followed by the nuclear ash of the "day after" when even the legendary Phoenix would not have a chance.

The bell was ringing, inviting the US President to take a seat at the desk. He would have to read a few truths from some Greek children.

The pupils of a secondary school in Athens had written a letter to him and appointed a delegation of schoolchildren to deliver it to the US Embassy in Athens.

Here is that letter.

President of the USA

Mr. Ronald Reagan

Mr. President,

We, the schoolboys and schoolgirls of the city of Athens, have decided to send you this letter.

We will take up only five minutes of your time.

We are, of course, aware that five minutes is a great deal of time for such a country like yours, but since we are constantly told that the young people are the future of a country and of the whole world, one might say that you are giving your time not to us, but to the future. What we have to say is worth five minutes of your time.

Every five minutes 150 children die of hunger in the world.

Every five minutes about 4,000 more working people join the army of the unemployed.

Every five minutes a similar number of adults die of malnutrition.

On the other hand, in the world every five minutes 6,500,000 dollars is spent on an arms buildup.

Every five minutes in only your country, the USA, about 1,500,000 dollars is spent on arms under your new budget which brings military spending to 1,500,000 million dollars a year.

There are some people who say that as schoolchildren we should confine our interests only to our lessons and not interfere in politics. But what can we do if politics interfere in our own affairs and threaten our lives?

If you also think that we should confine our interests solely to our lessons please regard this letter as part of our studies. Because when we wrote it we had to do some addition, multiplication and division. We have cal-

culated, for instance, that with the money spent on arms we could buy 50,000 million bottles of milk.

You can also regard it as our sociology lesson, as we have discovered that the money in question would be sufficient to build thousands of new schools, do away with illiteracy throughout the world, and build thousands of factories to provide jobs for the unemployed.

This letter can also be considered as an exercise in civic consciousness, in which we express our love for people, both in the country where we live and throughout the world. We are particularly concerned for the children of our own country and of all Europe.

We are told that we should concern ourselves with these problems when we are grown up. We have decided, however, to concern ourselves with them now, because we are not sure that we will have a chance to grow up. Or, to put it in other words, less pessimistic, we are not sure that we will grow up in peace. We want to live and grow up in peace because we love peace and want disarmament. We do not want to have nuclear weapons in the Balkans, in Europe, or in any country of the world.

How can this be achieved when you insist on deploying new missiles in Europe, bringing war still closer to us?

That is why we demand that you

should accept our Prime Minister's proposal to postpone for six months the deployment of Pershing-2 and Cruise missiles in Europe.

Please do not try to convince us that the missiles are needed to ensure a balance of forces.

What kind of balance are you talking about?

The present nuclear arsenal can destroy our planet 50 times over!!!

When once is enough, why forty-nine more times? Is this not too much?

In order not to take up any more of your time and because we, too, have no time to lose, we are finishing this letter.

If it has no effect, we are ready to do exercises in another subject—sport. We are ready to take part in demonstrations and peace marches with children from West Germany, Sweden, and the whole of Europe.

Another five minutes have passed.

Another 150 children have died of hunger...

The US President did not answer this letter, nor ever will. The US "free" press has used its freedom not to print what its owners do not like. Not a single American has been told about the Greek schoolchildren's letter.

But Greece can be proud of her children.

